

OUT THERE

CHARLES W. WHITEHAIR



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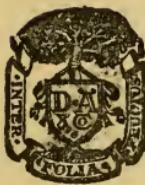


(Courtesy of General Press Organization)
Old Glory in London

OUT THERE

BY

CHARLES W. WHITEHAIR



ILLUSTRATED

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TO THE LADS WHO GO OVER THE TOP

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CHAPTER I

“GETTING THE RANGE”

We are at the Front. “Zero” is Thursday morning—Tomorrow morning. The big “push” is now on.

Long after midnight we crawl into our bunks; but sleep is far, far away. To sleep is almost impossible, because of the clanking, stamping feet of the thousands of men who are marching by. The men marching past are “going in.” Silent, resolute and determined they pass on into the night, no singing, no whistling, no talking. They are all rested, fully equipped and ready to face what lies ahead. Many have been in before and know what they must face. Others are going in for the first time; nervous and uneasy, yet quietly marching on into the trenches. Over all of them hangs a deadly silence. Yet they are full of calm and quiet determination.

“Coming out” is another story. Dirty,

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muddy and weary, yet cheerful and happy—behind them the smells, the rats, the bugs and all other creeping things, ahead of them a hot bath, clean clothes, warm food and sleep, sleep, sleep—just think of it! Of course they are singing. It is here the most simple things of life become great luxuries. Warm baths, hot food, plenty of smoke and dry clothes make life happy and contented.

We fall asleep with the song of the marching men who are “coming out” ringing in our ears:

Way down upon the Swannee River,
Far, far away,
There's where my heart is turning ever,
There's where the old folks stay.
All up and down the whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still sighing for the old plantation,
And for the old folks at home.

Early next morning, we are called out to see the Boche machine that is trying to get over the line. But the anti-aircraft guns crackling all around keep the Boche plane high in the heavens, and at last he turns and makes for his own line.

“GETTING THE RANGE”

All day long we go up and down the lines. We enter villages where every single room in every single house has been built by shells, where absolutely the whole village has been pounded level with the ground.

The roads are jammed with traffic. On one side the men are marching up by the thousands—the great motor lorries are going forward with men and supplies—the gun carriages are carrying up fodder for the guns. The Despatch riders are going by on their motor cycles. All traffic makes way for these Dare-Devil riders. They go dashing by bearing their orders. The pigeon carriers with the cages of pigeons on their cycles are rushing for some objective far up the line. In this war, man, beast and bird have all been drawn into service. Wire and wireless may break down, so the pigeons are daily given their practice flight preparing for the time when they must do their bit in this death grapple.

On the other side of the road the men who have done their turn in the trenches are coming out, the empty lorries are coming back for

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supplies and ammunition. The empty gun carriages are rolling past.

In the fields all around us are the men drawn up in line for the final inspection. The young officers quietly move down the line. Rifles and bayonets must be perfect, for no sham battle lies ahead. Gas masks are examined; some are cast aside and fresh ones secured, for no man's life must be lost through an imperfect gas mask. All equipment must be in perfect condition.

The word "Forward" is given. They swing into the road that leads down the trench and "Over the Top."

High up in the heavens, the great observation balloons are hanging. The planes overhead are droning like great swarms of bees, as they keep back the German aviators who try to come over the line; also they are flying over Fritz's line, for in this war the aircraft are the eyes of the army.

Never have we seen crowds like the crowd we are now in, but, contrary to any other crowd, it all seems to be rushing forward with one single mind and with one single purpose.

“GETTING THE RANGE”

We start up Messiner Ridge some fifty feet apart, for high up we see the great German balloons which are always silently watching the activities on our side of the line, just as the balloons of the Allied forces are watching on Fritz's side. We can walk above the ground now. Fritz is not wasting shrapnel on lone men.

We step very carefully in order not to kick some unexploded bomb or fall into a shell hole. We are walking over ground where every single yard has been hit by shells; not only once, but time after time has it been churned and rechurned. We are treading in the valley of destruction and death—the entire hill has been swept by the broom of death. Every square foot has been made sacred by the best blood of the British Empire.

All around, the guns are carefully concealed in their gunpits. The camouflaging here must be perfect, all of the guns being under the eyes of the German observers who are constantly looking down over the lines. The “woolly bear” shrapnel is bursting, the great high shells are whistling over. On beyond

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the summit of the hill, the great high explosive shells are falling.

I had made up my mind just how I would act and feel when I came under shell fire, but it is one thing to sit by a comfortable fire and work out your theories and another thing to go up on the side of the hill with the shells falling all around. One of my friends, a former Harvard football captain, turned and asked me how I felt. "Almost scared to death," was my reply, and he answered, "So am I."

Lying in a shell hole, I noticed the engineers putting in a line of white posts. This is the path back from "No Man's Land" for the men who fall and must walk back—"the walking wounded."

This may seem strange in the light of all the talk we have heard back in America regarding the way the men go into the line cheering and singing. I have yet to meet a man under shell fire who says he likes it. Men do not like it. I firmly believe that every single man who goes into the line for the first time is truly frightened. Men do not come to like it, but they do become reconciled

“GETTING THE RANGE”

to it, and certainly in a sense accustomed to the heavy shell fire. But walking into shell fire never is a habit they have to break.

We lie on the edge of a great crater which had been made by one of the seventeen mines which had been touched off in June, when thousands of Germans “went west” and the Allies took another step toward Berlin. The crater is one hundred and fifty feet across, eighty to one hundred feet deep, and four hundred to five hundred feet around.

A few hundred feet down the side of the hill the German high explosive shells are bursting near one of the British batteries, which they succeeded in locating. Every few minutes a shell comes over. It bursts uncomfortably near where the men are working their guns. As the shell explodes, the men duck into the dugout around the gun, waiting for the rocks, stones and pieces of shell which have broken high in the air to come down. Then they rush out of the dugout, load the gun, and fire it without apparent excitement. In spite of the fact that they know Fritz has located their gun, they “carry on.”

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Our attention is now directed to the sky. Eight German planes are coming over toward the British lines. Everywhere the British planes are climbing up to get to them. The anti-aircraft guns are firing. There are no braver men in the world than these "Knights of the Air." High up in the heavens they wend their solitary and lonely flight where constant presence of mind, superb confidence and heroic bravery, are always required. They rush to glorious victory, bringing down the enemy machine—or to their own sudden death.

We may well lie spellbound as we watch the battle of democracy fought out far above the earth—far above the shells, which are bursting below the planes.

We leave Messiner Ridge and go to Wytschaete Hill, and wander in and around the great guns—it fairly bristles with them.

We walk in and around the German dug-outs, for it was here they stubbornly fought for every inch of ground. We are told that we are standing near one of the famous "O Pips" (observation points) of the whole sali-

“GETTING THE RANGE”

ent, an observation point that was never discovered until after the line was captured. We try to discover it, but all we can see is a large number of snags and stumps of old trees. At last our hands are placed upon an old snag of a tree sticking about six feet above the ground. We find upon investigation it is a gas pipe covered with bark. Mounted in it had been a periscope pointing toward the British lines.

It is sticking up out of a “pill box.” The machine guns which were mounted inside had swept the British lines as well as the artillery fire which was directed from it. Many a brave British lad had “gone west” because of this hell trap.

We stand in an old Y. M. C. A. dugout and watch the secretary, who is an old Padre past sixty-five years of age, handing out the piece of chocolate, a cigarette or a cup of tea to many a lad who is making his last visit to the dugout. Two weeks ago they were using a dugout farther up the line. It was blown to pieces and every man was killed.

Fortunately the secretary was outside. For

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three months he has been on or near his present location. He does not look into the face of a single man who is not in the presence of death. "I never have seen a more Christlike service than that which you are rendering here," I told him. He replies with a smile, "Why, I am not doing anything, just sticking it out and taking things as they come." You can hear his last word to the men as they go by—"Goodbye, lads, good luck and God bless you."

Near one of the guns stands a young Lieutenant. He asks us if we don't "want to see the show."

There he stands, megaphone in hand, hitting his leather legging with his little walking stick, calling out to the great five machines of death all under the sound of his voice—"Fire, number one—fire, number two—fire, number three." And each is fired.

We take our stand behind one of the great guns—watching.

After the shell has gone screaming from the end of the gun, the Sergeant and his men rush up. They throw into the gun another

“GETTING THE RANGE”

shell, then the charge. The breech is slammed shut.

The sergeant jumps back, stands at attention and calls out, “Number one ready to fire, Sir.”

Far up in the heavens over our heads hangs a great captive balloon. In the balloon is a young British officer. His field glasses are screwed to his eyes, telephone receiver to his ears. He is the eyes and the director of the battery by which we are standing. Intently he watches down over the line to see where the shells are falling. As the shell explodes he calls into his telephone his directions for the next shell. “Change No. one—point five —left seven O.”

None of the great guns are being fired by charge, all of them are being directed by an observation officer who sees where they are falling and directs his battery accordingly. If not in a balloon, then away up in the front line or in No Man’s Land in an old ruin or a shell hole, lies the young observation officer. He must be more careful than the officer in the balloon, for he is exposed many times to

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the German snipers. If they can kill the observation officer, they have blinded the eyes of the Battery.

Carefully from his "O Pip" (observation point) he whispers his orders into his telephone receiver. Again the eyes of the battery may be away up in that little British air plane. It is dodging in and out of the German shrapnel exploding all around as it darts here and there over Fritz's line, ticking off his directions on his wireless.

Beside the battery some fifteen or twenty feet below the ground in an old dugout sit two young officers, telephone receivers to their ears, receiving the orders that are coming from the observation officer. Quietly and calmly they check on their charts where the shells have fallen, for an accurate record must be kept of all the shells in reciprocal gun fire.

They call up the directions to the young officer who is calling out the orders to these five great machines of death.

As we look at our watch within three minutes after the shell has been fired from one of these great guns, orders are received,

“GETTING THE RANGE”

checked up and our Young Friend is calling out again:

“Number one, change.”

Immediately the man who is working the gun changes the range, jumps back with string in hand, ready to pull; the Sergeant once more calls out, “Number one ready to fire, Sir.”

“Number one, fire.”

Finally word comes back:

“Number one or number two repeat.”

We know what this means. They have found the range.

“See if you can follow the shell with your eyes,” calls the Lieutenant as I stand behind the firing battery.

Taking my stand some twenty feet behind the gun, with open mouth and lax body, for the concussion is terrible, I focus my eyes in line with the barrel of the great gun. It is fired. I fail to see the shell and decide that the talk about seeing a shell in the air is all false. But the young lieutenant insists that I can see it if I stand at the right place and direct my eyes properly. I change my posi-

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tion and get all set, but just before the word is given to fire a great 12-inch Howitzer some distance behind me was fired, and I am quite certain that the men on the battery made up their minds I had decided to follow the shell as I jumped into the air. Certainly I must have broken the high jump record for all time, in spite of my two hundred and twenty-five pounds of weight. It goes without stating that the men on the battery had a big laugh at my expense.

Once more I get set, eyes in line with the gun. The word comes "Fire," and my eyes catch the great shell as it goes screaming into the sky on its errand of duty and destruction. For an instant far into the distance we follow its flight.

All around us the great guns are barking and moaning—surely nothing could be so terrible. But stop a moment— This is not battle. It is only reciprocal gunfire—getting the range—setting the stage for tomorrow morning—for "Zero."

CHAPTER II

THE LONELY ROAD TO ZERO

Tomorrow morning is Zero, the hour or time set for going over the top.

Never have we seen crowds before. It is a great sea of human life. The roads are throbbing and jammed with the surging, seething mass; thousands of men are going in. The motor lorries are going up with supplies; the gun carriage is loaded with food for the big guns.

Men are coming out, empty lorries come back, gun carriages return for food for the ever greedy guns.

Little miniature railroad trains are hauling up their loads of ammunition and supplies. All up and down the lines these little narrow gauge railroad lines feed the front. They are quickly constructed and wind in and out among the shell holes. They remind you of the little railroad trains at Coney Island or any amusement park back home. But here

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their mission is one of duty and not of pleasure.

Everything is centered on the most important factor in war—the lad in the front line trench. He must be well fed and kept with an abundance of supplies and ammunition.

In the fields, thousands of men are in line, getting final words of counsel from the young officers before they begin the march that leads to Gethsemane.

We go from building to building, cellar to cellar, dugout to dugout. Everywhere are men. We go down one of the most famous roads of the war—the road to Ypres. Again the crowds. We come to Hell's Crossing, where thousands come and go, and where hundreds have “gone west.” It is on the railroad stations, crossroads and moving troops that Fritz tries to train his guns.

The traffic is regulated by traffic “cops” who stand under the rain of shells. Never have we seen the traffic better regulated on any corner of Fifth Avenue, New York, than it is out in France on the crossroads within

THE LONELY ROAD TO ZERO

the line. Even over here traffic cops display great personal bravery. They stand unprotected in the center of the road. Fritz is trying his best to drop his shells on their heads. In one section thirty-five men won decorations at this work.

All day before the battle, not a single man smiles. No one whistles. There is subdued talking. No laughing, no cheering, no singing, no bands playing. The only band we heard all day was a band in the center of a great group of men lined up, who were soon to start in. It was playing a hymn.

Men who have written their last home letters, drawn up their last will in their pay books, and broken their home ties, are not going into the lines smiling and laughing. Their loved ones, to whom they have said goodbye, mean just as much to them as any of our loved ones over here. We do not smile in the presence of death. Why should they over there?

As Harry Lauder says: "You know, you do not need to talk to the laddies who are going to go 'over the top' about God. They are

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thinking about God and about home.” And they are.

We look at them. Their faces look as if cut out of the stone of the hills. The most lonesome road any man ever trod is the road that man takes who goes down the road into the trench to go “over the top.”

That is the most lonesome road outside the path Christ took when He went into the Garden of Gethsemane. You can almost imagine that they are saying: “If possible, let this cup pass, but—not my will, Thy will be done.”

The only words I have ever found to describe it are Mansfield’s: “They go up like Kings in a Pageant to the imminent death.”

Kings! every man a King.

We are walking over ground where every yard has been hit by shells, and churned and re-churned. Every foot has been soaked and made sacred by British blood. The shrapnel burst, the great shells buzz and scream, but on they go. Among the tens of thousands of transfigured faces, not a single one would have turned back. Up the road they are go-

THE LONELY ROAD TO ZERO

ing, into that Garden of Gethsemane. Into the garden of awful suspense and anxiety.

There to wait quietly in the presence of death until the moment that they are called on to go "over the top"—on to the cross! They are facing eternity. Looming up before them is the memory of life with all its joys. Before them possible death or terrible wounds, but certain victory over material things.

Back in America, some tell me the men out there are not interested in religion. They may not be interested in the kind some people think about. They are *not* particularly interested in Hell. They know more about it than Dante ever dreamed of writing.

They have been through Hell, so they are not interested in it. But they are mightily interested in God. I have never spoken the name of Christ out there, that a great silence did not come over the audience.

Lying in the edge of one of the great craters, we watch Fritz's line. Down there it is! No, not what we had expected, for all we can see is a great desert of destruction

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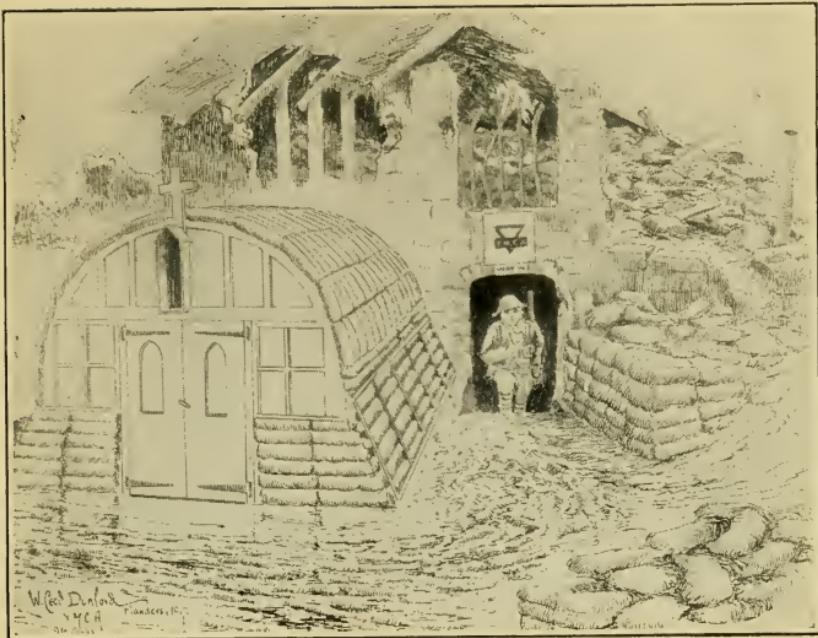
and devastation. No life of any sort. Only the British shells bursting there tell us that is Fritz's line.

The planes are flying in the air overhead. The guns behind us are sending over their message of death.

The men are going by. If they are Australians every man of them that goes by the Y. M. C. A. dugout is handed an extra large piece of chocolate. No! He is not to eat it, not unless he falls wounded in "No Man's Land" and cannot crawl back. Then he can eat it, and then only. As they go by there, the last human touch they are having with the outside world is a cup of tea or a bit of tobacco, or a piece of chocolate in a Y. M. C. A. dugout.

We remember one Canadian regiment that had gone past a dugout similar to this, all getting cups of tea. The next morning "over the top!" Seventy only came out whole. A cup of hot tea or a smoke means more to your boy out there than a garage full of cars waiting for him back home.

We spend the evening in the huts and dug-



Cellar on the Ypres Salient



Interior of the Cellar
A Rare Treat—A Fireplace at the Front

THE LONELY ROAD TO ZERO

outs. The atmosphere is tense. Everyone is quiet and talking only in a low voice. All know tomorrow is "Zero." While little is being said about tomorrow morning, all are thinking about it. The men here will not be going "over the top," but their pals up the lines will, and that hurts almost more than if they themselves were going over. The companionship at the front is one of the most wonderful things that the war has brought out.

The giving of one's life for another is no mere recital of words. Sacrifice is commonplace among these men who are constantly offering their lives for home and country.

As we go out into the open we find the night one of the darkest and wettest of the whole summer. The ground under foot is slippery and muddy. A heavy fog is hanging over the lines as if to hide the tragedy that is soon to take place.

Around ten o'clock the great Hell Gates burst open. There comes forth a mighty rushing, charging sound as of an awful thunder and wind storm. The heavens are lit with

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the flash of thousands of guns. The earth is shaking and trembling. Imagine the most terrific thunderclap you ever heard multiplied by eight long hours!

The Barrage is on!

The shells are raining all over the German lines, tearing up front line trenches and barb wire entanglements, destroying back roads and avenues of approach. Places where troops are assembled are being covered as by hail. The batteries are being so completely "strafed" that they seem to waver and hesitate, dazed and unable to reply. Thousands of British shells are going over while only hundreds are coming back. Fritz is now getting what he gave in 1914, only he is now being repaid with compound interest.

The roads back of the British Front are deserted. Only the staff cars going and coming. The troops are in the trenches all ready and waiting for "Zero."

All is set, the curtain is ready to go up.

At four o'clock we rush down the deserted road by motor car and go on to the hillside overlooking the great Ypres salient. The

THE LONELY ROAD TO ZERO

staff officers are here, all silent and tense. We are now looking upon one of the most colossal dramas ever staged and executed in the history of mankind—every actor a small pawn in the pageant of destruction and death.

No longer is it “Fire Number One,” “Fire Number Two,” but all around us thousands of great hounds of hell are barking and howling as they send their messages of destruction and death into the German lines.

A million men are in the trenches and in the line of reserves, ready to make the great push into Flanders. Every single individual among the million must “go over” alone. The heavens are red. There is no talking. The noise is terrific. The “Very lights” are going up. The “star” shells are bursting. Occasionally a great German shell bursts near by, and comes roaring out above the awful sounds to which we are listening.

Five o’clock—We sit down in the mud and cover our faces as the rain commences. We realize that this will increase the horrors of going over the top.

Yes, they went over at Vimy Ridge in

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April on a fine clear morning when the sun was shining, and in the afternoon the snow came on. As the "waves" of men went over day after day at Vimy, I am told that possibly as many men died from drowning in shell holes as died from the bullets.

Did you get it? The hundreds and thousands of shells falling and the rain coming down and the muck forming! Why don't they go forward more? Because they can go only as far as they are able to cover the advance with their own guns.

Five-thirty comes. We know that they are thinking of the home folks. It is my little daughter's birthday. All of them have loved ones at home who mean as much to them as mine do to me. But they must carry on.

Shortly before six o'clock the barrage becomes even more intense as the grand climax approaches.

Six o'clock—dead silence—all the guns stop firing.

Now only the occasional bursting of a German shell, while over all hangs a deathlike silence. But over the top they go into the

THE LONELY ROAD TO ZERO

mouth of Hell. For now the hand-to-hand fight is on as Tommy dashes forward to drive the Germans that are left out of their holes.

As he springs to the top of the parapet and charges across "No Man's Land," he must face mustard gas that is odorless and invisible and may not show its effects for many hours. But at last it will get in its deadly work of burning and searing his body wherever his body is wet from perspiration or rain. He faces tear gas that blinds him, gas that suffocates and chokes him unless he immediately gets on his gas mask. He goes into the forest of barb wire over ground that is mined, under the "woolly bear" shrapnel. He charges machine guns that mow as the scythe mows the grain. He faces hand bombs, liquid fire and cold steel bayonets.

Tell me of a Hell which equals that!

CHAPTER III

“THE PATH OF THE WALKING WOUNDED”

The guns are now roaring. Shells are screaming and bursting, the bullets whizzing and whining, the planes buzzing overhead. Men are going up in endless streams. The counter attack is on.

The moment they go “over the top,” those who reach the German trench at once clear the trench of the men that have survived the barrage. They immediately begin to entrench themselves as the waves of their own troops keep coming over behind them, rush up to them or help to dig themselves in, for as soon as they go over the top, Fritz begins his barrage on these advancing men. Also he has turned on his barrage to prevent the reinforcements from being brought up. This is called the counter attack.

Day after day many times into weeks and months the battle rages backward and forward, wave after wave of men going over,

“THE WALKING WOUNDED”

counter attack after counter attack being staged.

But we forget all else save the human cost as our eyes rest on the suffering, bleeding men that are coming down the path of the “Walking Wounded.” The day before, lying in a shell hole, I had seen the engineers putting in two rows of white posts. Turning to Harry Holmes I asked him, “What are they putting those in for?” “For the walking wounded tomorrow morning,” was his reply.

“You know many days ago I was sent for by the General Director of Medical Service and asked if I could get ready, as Zero would be this morning.” Asking a Y. M. C. A. secretary if he could get ready for a battle? Yes, and before you have ceased reading this chapter you will understand why.

We are now in a Y. M. C. A. dugout, in the edge of that hell, watching the staggering, creeping, weaving line of men who have gone “over the top” only a short time before and have stopped a piece of shell, machine gun bullet, shrapnel, or what not. Now they are coming down the path of the white posts that

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guides them back to the dressing station, which is now flooded with the men who have done their bit. The minute a man is wounded and out, if possible he starts back on his painful journey to relief and help. Of course there are large numbers who cannot walk, who are down and out, and it is these men who are being carried back by the brave stretcher bearers. They keep going "over the top" until at last they become a part of the procession of suffering, bleeding men who are coming down the path which is only traveled by men who have caught a glimpse of eternity, who have faced death in "No Man's Land."

Down the path of the white posts they are coming, covered with muck, mire and filth, eyes dimmed with their own blood, arms shattered, bodies mangled, and with wounds which have not yet ever been dressed.

They are coming back. Their kilts are torn off; their trousers are torn off; their coats are absolutely soaked with muck and mire. They are dripping with their own blood. They have gone down under the machine gun fire; they are shot to pieces. Chins are



The Walking Wounded



A Touch of Home on the Borders of No Man's Land

“THE WALKING WOUNDED”

wounded, noses are bleeding and eyes gone. There is not a place you can touch on the face of many of them which is not caked with mud and blood.

You say these men who are so badly wounded cannot walk? No, they can't walk, but they do! In many cases it is either walk back or die. So they walk back.

The only thing over each man's wounds is a bandage or handkerchief that he has wrapped around himself, or a stretcher bearer has given him in the way of assistance as he starts his painful journey back to the dressing station.

They are coming back by the hundreds and hundreds. *They come straggling back. We have seen them a few hours before, the cream of the nation.* They are coming back.

Moaning and groaning? No! “Out there,” suffering lips are dumb.

As they come, they pass a Y. M. C. A. dug-out. They cannot stop. No, for first they must not be allowed to sit down and grow faint from their wounds. Second, the German eyes are still on them, for up there hang

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the great black German balloons, with their observers who are alert and watchful. No matter where they see a group of soldiers, be they men going in or men out of the game coming back with their wounds, congregated around a Y. M. C. A. dugout, Fritz will send over a shell, and all will "go west."

As they pass by the dugout the secretary is there with orderlies, serving them hot tea in old tin cans, which are grasped by shaking, suffering hands as the men continue their painful journey back, drinking their tea, puffing away at their smokes. They throw the empty cans in the shell hole farther down the line. The secretary and orderlies are bringing back the tins, for all day long that stream of men must be given something to drink, to smoke and to eat, as back they come.

It is strange how men do not lose their humor out there. I remember one dugout which was under the eyes of the German balloons. On one side of the dugout is a very pathetic yet humorous sign: "Men don't loiter here; besides, it looks bad."

We ask them, "How are you, old chap?"

“THE WALKING WOUNDED”

“Oh, all right, sir, I got a blighty one,” or “It’s not so bad, mister.” You could never tell the true story, for as you see them coming out of the lines, shot and bleeding, you remember Calvary and the Descent from the Cross.

We go from dugout to dugout; they are coming down the path of the white posts.

We go to the dressing station. Back here, we picture a dressing station with beautiful nurses, white tables and doctors with clean white uniforms. But we are in a field dressing station, an old barn out in Flanders, no tables, no nurses, only doctors rushing from man to man, quickly looking at the wound or wounds which have been bared by the orderlies. Quickly diagnosing the case they rush up to the next man, for all around the room the wounded are sitting on boxes, on benches —a quiet orderly bunch of men who are suffering the tortures of death with dumb lips and heroic attempts at cheerfulness.

Outside the dressing station, they are waiting by the hundreds to get in.

But, thank God, outside those dressing sta-

OUT THERE

tions are great big tents, Y. M. C. A. temples of love, crowded and jammed with the walking wounded. For every man that comes out of the line is given something to drink, to eat and to smoke in a Y. M. C. A. tent before his wounds are dressed.

As we crowd through those mangled, suffering men they all try to smile as we hand them the cup of tea or the bowl of soup. We stand by the lad whose hands are shot away, and put the cigarette in his mouth, and light it for him. Yes, he smiles through the mud and blood on his face, as he tries to thank us.

As we go from dressing station to dressing station and see the thousands of walking wounded being taken care of, we realize why the officer has asked Holmes if he could get ready for Zero. We stand in one dressing station, a Y. M. C. A. tent, helping to minister to the men. As we look down the line, we can no longer keep back the tears.

There a Tommie comes, trousers torn off, puttees gone, coat soaked with his own blood, staggering in, for his legs are bleeding; but in his own pain he has not forgotten his chum,

“THE WALKING WOUNDED”

his pal, his friend, for he is bringing him on his back. They both see us with the tears in our eyes and they try to smile back. Truly they are coming back to us, more than conquerors.

We go to the door of that old dressing station. The Colonel (the doctor) rushes out. He cannot shake hands for he is working and his hands are fairly dripping with blood. But with great emotion he looks at the crowd, jammed and packed in the Y. M. C. A. tent, hundreds waiting outside.

“Look at them, look at them. How under heaven could we get along without the Y. M. C. A.?”

For the Y. M. C. A. has gone in to serve. The American Y. M. C. A. is rushing night and day to get ready for the time when the Yankees will take over a section of the line. During the battle, and after the battle, all food and so forth is given away—thousands of cups of tea, hundreds of cases of biscuit, loads of smokes. For it is during these trying times that the men need human ministry more than at any other time.

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It is the Y. M. C. A. that will give your boy the hearty "Goodbye, God bless you" as he "Goes in." And it is its hand that will reach out to grasp his shaking, tottering form and help him down the hill that leads from the Cross.

I have often wondered at the great love and sympathy that seems to exist between the British officer and his men. I had seen it in India before the war. I have seen it in all parts of the British Empire. I know the reason now. I have yet to see a single British officer, be he major or captain, among the walking wounded who goes ahead of his men to have his wounds dressed. He takes his place in the line with his men, and he waits there for hours, if need be, before his wounds are dressed.

Outside one dressing station there sat a young Colonel with a very bad wound. One of the Secretaries noticed him and said:

"You better get in to the dressing station at once."

"No, it is not my turn. I will not go out of my turn."

“THE WALKING WOUNDED”

Some four hours after, the Secretary passing out food and drink, again noticed the Colonel.

“Here, why have you not had your wounds dressed?”

“I am waiting my turn.”

“But it was your turn long ago.”

“Are you sure?”

“Of course I am, come on let me help you.”

Into the dressing room he staggered. No thought had entered his mind that he had done a heroic act.

I discovered one strange fact that morning. Every man that goes into the trench and over the parapet into “No Man’s Land” is a souvenir hunter. If you could see them coming back, shot to pieces, you would decide that these men could have no thought of collecting souvenirs. But hold on! Look into their pockets.

In one tent a large number of German prisoners were being brought in. All of their helmets, knives and the like were being taken from them. The young officer in charge insisted that I take a helmet, knife, gas mask

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or something to show when I returned to the States.

One young Scotch lad hearing the conversation motioned me over and said:

“Here is something better.”

He held out a German hand bomb.

“No, no, thank you very much, I won’t take it.”

“That’s all right. Take it along, I don’t care.”

“But it may be loaded.”

“Oh wait, I’ll see,” and he deliberately started to see if it was loaded.

“Hold on. You can’t give me that bomb whether it is loaded or not.”

It goes without saying the performance was growing far too interesting to suit me.

As I stand by him I see his leg is bleeding and I speak of it.

“Yes, he got me in the leg, but I got him in the guts. But I want you to see what I got.”

And he pulled it out and unwrapped it, a German officer’s Iron Cross, 1914, and then he went to his other pocket and he said:

“And look at this.”

“THE WALKING WOUNDED”

He had the officer's keys and his compass and his watch. Then he went back and he said:

“This is the best of all.”

And he pulled out an automatic revolver. He looked like the British Museum.

Practically every fellow that comes back, though he may be barely able to crawl, has something in his pockets or somewhere on him to show he was in it. All I have to say is that he is entitled to all the souvenirs he can lug back.

It is hard to try and tell the story of the men “out there,” for it cannot be told without telling the story of the human cost. Shortly after I returned, I was the guest of the Governor of one of the Western States, who, in the course of the evening, told me how 14,000 had gone from his State to join the colors.

And I stopped and thought that that State had not sent enough men to feed the big guns that the British alone are facing for two weeks. For the smallest number of casualties in any month since August, 1914, was thirty thousand. That morning outside one dress-

OUT THERE

ing station, three hours after the battle, hundreds of men were waiting to have their wounds dressed. They are coming out, coming out, of battles which last for months, not days.

The least we can do back here is to give our money. In fact, before this war is over many of our finest American men and women, who cannot render military service, will find themselves out in France in a Y. M. C. A. hut or dugout, handing out the piece of chocolate or the cup of tea.

Not long ago I sat in the office of one of the biggest banking institutions in America and one of the heads of that concern said:

“Do you think the Y. M. C. A. would give me a chance to work in one of those dugouts or huts ‘out there.’ ”

“Of course they will.”

He is out there today.

The time has come when there is not a business man in America—there is not a lawyer, a professional man, or a society woman that is too good to help carry the old kit bag of the boy that has gone over the top, to fight our battles.

CHAPTER IV

“THE WORLD UPSIDE DOWN”

There's a zone,
Wild and lone,
None claim, none own,

That goes by the name of “No Man's Land.”
Its frontiers are bastioned, and wired and mined,
The rank grass shudders and shakes in the wind,
And never a roof nor a tree you find
In No Man's Land.

They that gave
Lives so brave
Have found a grave

In the haggard fields of No Man's Land.
By the foeman's reddened parapet
They lie with never a headstone set,
But their dauntless souls march forward yet
In No Man's Land.

H. D'A. B., MAJOR, 55 DIVISION, B. E. F., FRANCE.

No Man's Land is that small tract of land
that lies between the opposing trenches.

On the great Western front it reaches
from the Alps to the sea. At some places, in
width it may be several hundred yards—at

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other places only a few short yards. But it is over No Man's Land that the great world struggle is being fought out. It is there the death grapple of the nations is in progress. Back and forth across No Man's Land are struggling not armies, but the men and boys of the nations. For in this war it is not a question of armies. The men of the nations are under arms.

Those who enter this zone find themselves in a different world—a world apart, a world different and unlike anything they have ever known before.

In the world from which they have come men live to build and construct material things of permanent value. Here men die in their effort to destroy, and all they build, they build expecting it to be destroyed.

I shall never forget when I first approached the edge of that zone called No Man's Land. We had pushed our car all day, hoping to reach headquarters before nightfall, but darkness found us many miles away. As the darkness deepened, we seemed to be running into a very bad storm, for the lightning be-

“THE WORLD UPSIDE DOWN”

came more vivid and the thunder much deeper. All at once it came over us that it was not a thunder storm, but the front in its awful reality that was looming up before us.

We were stopped frequently by the sentinels along the way, who asked for our passes. After a moment on we went with a merry good-night. As we rolled through the villages the sentinels were constantly calling out “Douse your dims.” When we came to Hazlebrouck we turned on the lights of our car, for we had missed the road. Immediately a sentinel called out: “Dim your lights—Fritz has been throwing ‘em over here tonight.”

He put us on the right road, and late at night we arrived at headquarters, and found a warm supper awaiting us. Inside headquarters, with the bright lights and the good food before us, we almost forgot that we were at the front, as we greeted old friends whom we had not seen for years. When the conversation lagged a peculiar hissing sound caught my ear, and, upon being informed that “Fritz is sending over a few,”

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the pleasure of the supper lost many of its attractions.

These men, who have been on the front for weeks, are bubbling over with questions. They ask what is going on outside, but our minds are not centered on the conversation. Instead, we are wondering how high up the shells are, and also questioning if Fritz is not likely to drop one nearby.

Going up and down the lines, we begin to get a faint idea of this strange and mysterious world that we are now in. We go through villages, only villages by name now, because they have been leveled to the ground. We are always among men.

We come to great ammunition dumps within the lines, but far enough away to be out from under the eye of the German balloons and scouting planes. Here are great mountains of munitions, hundreds of yards long, fifteen to twenty feet high, all camouflaged—tons and tons of munitions ready for the thousands of big hungry guns a little farther up the lines. Then by the great guns we find hundreds of shells. For now Fritz

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is getting back his own medicine. Millions of tons of ammunition are required.

No one who has really gone up and down the British lines can ever question, “What is Britain doing?” For there he comes to know that facing the British are three to four Germans to every yard of trench, while on the French front there is one German to every yard of trench. France is holding a great length of trenches, but probably not keeping occupied a large number of German troops. Truly that land is a hungry and greedy land which has called forth an almost superhuman effort from Great Britain, as well as the other Allies, especially Great Britain, when we realize the unprepared condition she was in at the beginning. But we can grasp in just a small way what she has had to do when we glance at Mr. Lloyd George’s statement in “Parliament’s Vote of Thanks to the Forces,” under date of October 29, 1917.

“Thirteen million men have crossed and recrossed the seas, two million horses, twenty-five million tons of explosives and supplies, fifty-one million tons of coal and oil fuel for

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the use of our Fleet and our Armies and to meet the needs of our Allies. And the losses in men out of the whole of the thirteen million during these years of war have only been three thousand five hundred—two thousand seven hundred of these alone through the action of the enemy, and the remainder through the ordinary perils of the sea—this apart from the prodigious quantity of food and other materials, amounting in all to one hundred and thirty million tons, transported in British ships. This indeed has been a great triumph for the great Navy."

We realize that we are in a world that is upside down. For here men live only to kill and be killed.

Going up and down the lines, it comes over us that war at the front is waste, waste, waste. The waste of munition, the waste of property, the waste of guns, the waste of all material things, and worst of all the waste of human life.

This is what Germany has brought upon us. This is what we hold most against her. She has forced us into war. She has forced

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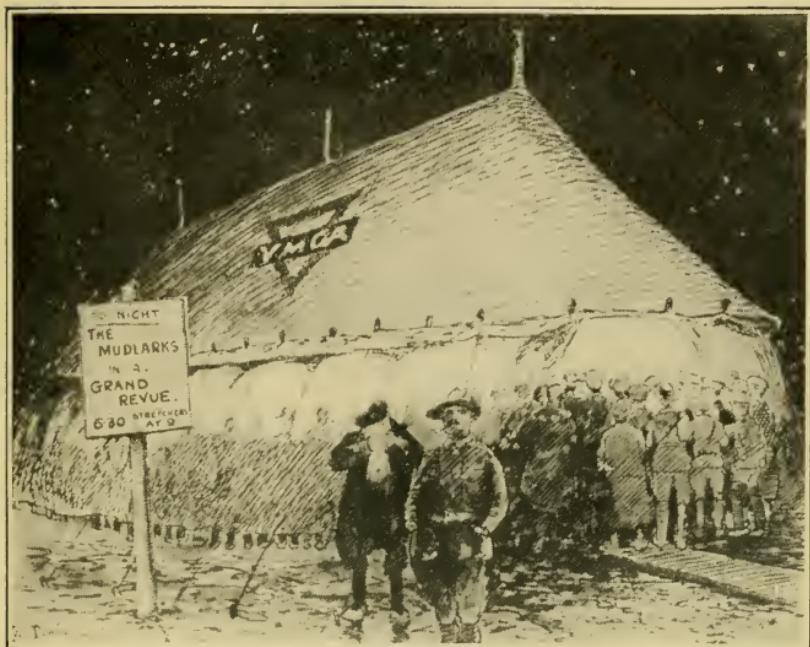
us to send forth our lads to kill and be killed. For here is an enemy that kills whether we fight back or don't fight back. No pacifist could long remain a pacifist who goes out to the front and realizes that we are facing an enemy who by her cruel system destroys homes, burns villages, wrecks churches and cathedrals, slaughters and starves innocent children, and in a wholesale way destroys the virtue of women. An enemy who sees no law but the law of “might is right.”

May God forgive those well-meaning people in our country who even yet are saying, “Well, I don't think we ought to send our boys overseas to fight France's battle or Britain's battle.” I say forgive, for no true American can take such a stand if he but once could see for himself what has happened in Northern France and Flanders. He is either selfish and thinks only of himself and his family, or is coming dangerously near playing into the hands of our enemy. Of course, Germany would like America to take that stand. But the men from far distant Australia and New Zealand, Canada, Britain,

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India and our own country, who have gone to the front, have come to realize that it is not the battle of the women and children of France we are fighting. No, we are fighting for the women and children of the world, and working toward that common end of "making the world safe for democracy."

Crossing the street in a tiny village in Flanders one rainy morning I stopped to watch the little kiddies who were wading and playing in the pools of water in the road. Whiz-z-z-z-z—boom, a great shell lands in a house some two hundred yards up the street. As the débris and pieces of shell fly into the air the little kiddies scamper for the cover of their cellars like frightened rabbits. I stand horrified as I think, "What if my little ones were living out here instead of back in America? Would I consider them worth fighting for?" Oh! you who wonder at times if your boy should be sent out there! Suppose your little three-year-old child had never spent an hour of its life away from the roar of the cannon or bursting shells! We are facing an enemy who respects no treaties,



In Spite of the Mud, Slush and Boche, the Fun Goes on



Where the Bullets Always Whine

“THE WORLD UPSIDE DOWN”

who does not recognize the rights of the weak and helpless.

The men on the German side are struggling and dying, not for their homes and families but that a military party may gain world supremacy and power.

This is quite apparent in the way she keeps from her own soldiers the facts regarding the war. I stood in a tent of prisoners, before they had even reached the little prison pens which are waiting for them. The day before I had noticed these little stockades with barbed wire fences which are made ready before every push. Into these little pens are gathered the prisoners as rapidly as they are brought in. From here they are then moved back out of the zone of the fighting.

One of the prisoners spoke splendid English, as he had lived in the States before the war. When a British sergeant called to his attention the fact that we were wearing the United States uniform, his eyes widened and in no fake surprise he said, “What? America in the war?” We replied, “Yes, for many months.”

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He turned and told his fellow prisoners the fact, and every man looked astonished and surprised. Think of that, and America had been in the war months! Yet in no place can men be further out of touch with the world than in the front line trenches if their superior officers care to keep them in ignorance. That is Germany's method.

The Allies are giving to their soldiers at the front all possible information on the war and about the war. Thousands of copies outlining what the Allies are fighting for have been distributed among the troops. Moreover, I was awakened one morning at the front near Lens by a small newspaper boy who wanted to sell me a London *Daily Mail*. As I unfolded the paper I heard the shells bursting outside. The paper contained, among the other news, a detailed account of the battle which I had witnessed two mornings before. All possible news and information is given to our Allied troops. There is nothing that need be hidden. Ours is a just cause.

As I went into the German dugouts I was

“THE WORLD UPSIDE DOWN”

forced to admire the way Fritz digs himself in. He is a human beaver. His dugouts in many cases are of solid concrete reënforced with great railroad irons. They are built with greater care than those of the British, for it is evident that Fritz expects to stay in his dugouts.

But not so with the Tommy. He goes forward and only digs himself in as much as is necessary for protection. This is a most remarkable indication of his optimism and spirit. He is on his way to Berlin and it does not pay to spend too long a time in making great concrete dugouts, when they are only transient stopping places.

It is very wonderful, that spirit of nothing-can-stop-us that is present everywhere on the British front.

In the midst of all the struggle it is remarkable the way they seem to be able to overcome the thought that they are in the presence of death. Going into Ypres the morning after the great push, I found the traffic terrific. The “strafing” was also quite intense. Shrapnel was being sent over every-

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where. Glancing upward, I happened to see a great British captive balloon struck by a great shell. At once the two men jumped from their basket and started to make their descent by parachute. One landed in the top of a tree. As I glanced down I noticed in the field under them a number of men who were probably just back out of the line playing a cricket game. I did not see a man who looked up as the tragedy took place above them. Theirs is an everyday life and death is not the unforeseen and unexpected, but all in the day's work.

Another surprise I received at the front is the fact that both sides almost always know what is going on on the other side of the lines. Not only do spies get word back and forth across that barren land, but the little planes are going and coming. These planes with their cameras are constantly taking pictures. Two hours after a picture has been taken, back at headquarters the film is being developed. If they find that the opposing trenches are crowded with men, and if big guns are being brought up into new posi-

“THE WORLD UPSIDE DOWN”

tions, it is apparent that an offensive is on. The little planes by their system of taking pictures are acting as the eyes of the army, as well as directing shellfire, scouting, bombing the enemy's lines, his reserves and what not.

All the work at the front is carried on without apparent excitement. I recall a friend's telling me of messing with one very well-known General whom he had known for years. During the meal the head of the Intelligence Force was spreading out his pictures before the General. As he placed one picture before him, he said:

“You will notice, General, by looking closely at that picture, an irregularity in the hedge fence. Of course, that might be just an ordinary irregularity, but wait a moment.”

He then placed another picture before the General.

“You see this is another picture of the same thing, but you see in this the fence is quite regular. Now, as a matter of fact, that irregularity marks a big gun that has been brought into position.”

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The General quietly studied the two pictures. Quietly he said to his officer, in the same sort of an easy way he would have asked for a cup of tea:

“Turn the guns on it this afternoon.”

It is a strange world, a world where everything seems truly upside down. But it is out there that the great eternal truths of life and death are being fought for. And, thank God, slowly but surely victory is coming.

CHAPTER V

HELPING TO CARRY THE OLD KIT BAG AT THE FRONT

Only men who have gone through the strain and monotony of front line work can comprehend its effect on men's nerves.

That *more* of the men who are living in that atmosphere of danger, destruction and death do not go to pieces is to be wondered at. The roaring of the great guns, the whistling, whining bullets, the droning of the planes, the constant toll of human life—all of these things have a depressing effect, which is quite often expressed in the words:

“I am jolly well fed up with it all.”

It is easy to see why, under such conditions, men develop a certain species of fatalism, which undoubtedly helps them to “carry on.”

Why worry? You are all right until the shell with your name comes over. “You never know your luck,” is an expression laden with meaning.

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The strain and stress of it all have been tremendously lessened by the unselfish and Christlike services of the Y. M. C. A.

For it is out there that men stand most in need not of preaching, but of service. The Y. M. C. A. has become a very large factor in the life of the British army, especially at the front. Sir Douglas Haig has said, "the value of the work done by the Y. M. C. A. huts in France is incalculable. All up and down the front it is 'carrying on,' helping to cheer and make less weary the soldier's life."

In charge of all the British Y. M. C. A. work in France is Mr. Oliver McCowen, a man of tremendous organizing power and foresight, of few words but enormous driving power. His hundreds of workers follow him in the deepest spirit of love and devotion. He is a leader in every sense of the word.

Associated with Mr. McCowen is Mr. Harry Holmes, who is at the head of the Y. M. C. A. work on the British front. For two years Holmes has carried forward his work constantly under shellfire. During the

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first year of the war he directed the Y. M. C. A. work with General Smuts' army in his campaign in South Africa.

In the zone of the second British army alone I found over one hundred Y. M. C. A. centers, every single hut, cellar and dugout swept by the broom of death.

There are three types of work at the front:

First, the work of these huts, or buildings, which are in the part of the line farthest removed from the actual front line trench. They are long, low, wooden buildings, which must be hidden under the trees, or camouflaged, so that the German balloons, which hang high in the heavens, and the German planes, that are constantly trying to pass over the British lines, cannot send a signal which will bring over a shell. Especially are they in danger of being bombed by planes on moonlight nights.

Into these huts the men crowd by the hundreds, night after night, day after day, to write their home letters. Quite often it is their last farewell letter before "going in" to "go over the top." They get their cup

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of tea, smokes, etc., at the canteen. They pack the hut night after night to see the movies, hear the concerts, witness the wrestling and boxing matches, swap stories, and last, but not least, hear a religious message from men like Dr. John Kelman, Dr. George Adam, Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, Harry Lauder, Bishop Wilson, the Bishop of London, and other men of national reputation.

One night I went into a great hut near Vimy which was packed and jammed with men. They were standing in the aisles and hanging on to the rafters. The air was blue with tobacco smoke.

On the stage a musical comedy was in progress. Eight men and two girls were putting on the show. Every man in the hut had forgotten he was out in France as he listened to those two beautiful girls singing and watched them dance. The eyes of all were riveted on the stage. None of the men seemed to hear the hissing and screeching shells as they went flying over the hut back to the railroad station. On the front seat were the General and his staff. For two solid

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hours all of the men were being lifted out of the strain and stress of battle.

After the show the Y. M. C. A. secretary insisted on introducing me to the theatrical company. Imagine my surprise to find those eight soldiers undressing in the presence of those two beautiful girls, who turned out to be British soldiers.

Laughing about it, the General said, "I can't believe it; I won't believe it."

Night after night this company of men, regular soldiers, are detailed to go up and down the line, entertaining the men in the huts.

In fact the British army, realizing the tremendous importance of keeping the soldiers cheerful, sets aside a certain number of fighting men, quite often professional entertainers in civil life, whose duty it is to entertain the soldiers by shows, concerts, vaudeville, etc. Many of these companies take very suggestive names, such as "The Star Shells," "The Wizbangs," "The Very Lights," etc. In addition to this the Y. M. C. A. keeps nine professional concert parties

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out in France, which are known as the Lena Ashwell Concert Parties.

This work was first suggested, organized and provided for by Miss Ashwell, the actress, famous for her work with Sir Henry Irving and other stage celebrities. Miss Ashwell is among the many actors who have rallied nobly to the colors, doing their bit to help the boys "out there" "carry on." Lena Ashwell Concert Parties have gone everywhere with the British armies. In France, in the East, up and down the Suez Canal they go.

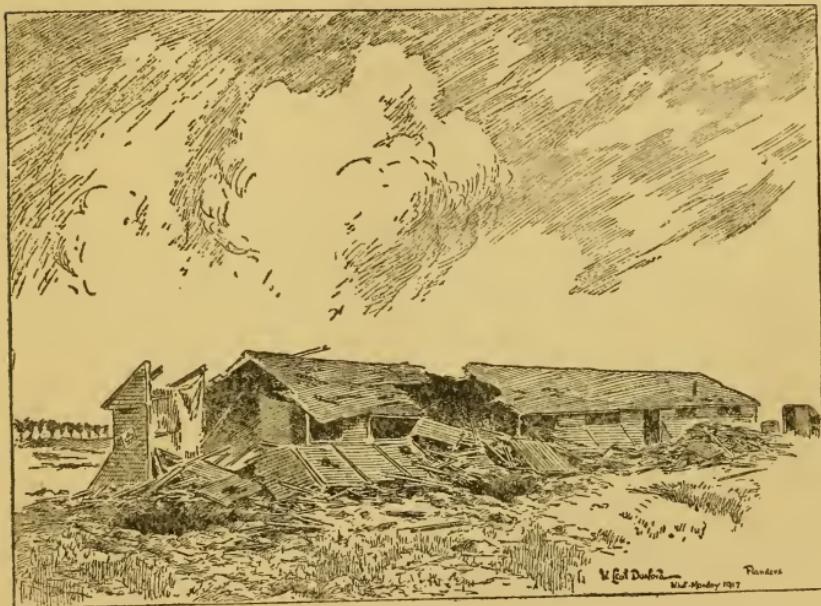
We hear of an alliance between the church and the theatre. Here are the people of the mimic world doing God's work in their own way.

Men do not come to like shellfire, yet, in a way, they become used to it.

One Saturday night one of the New Zealand huts was very badly "strafed." When the shells began to fall around it, the men took to the dugout. The next morning the Secretary went back to the building and found one end of it demolished. The shells

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were still hissing overhead, but seated at the piano, which had escaped injury, was a New Zealand lad, with his steel helmet cocked on one side of his head, beating away and singing at the top of his voice, "Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag, and smile, smile, smile!"



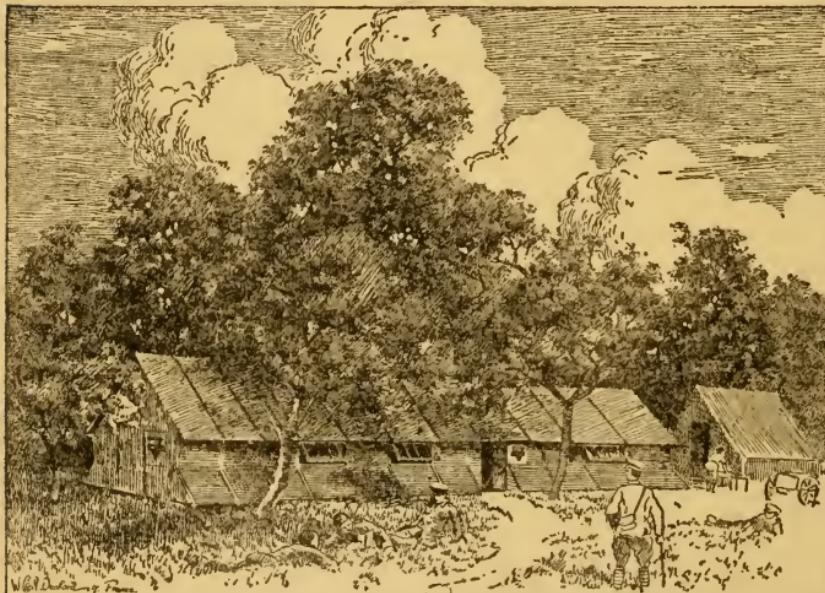
Y. M. C. A. Hut Destroyed by Shell Fire in 1917
This hut had been erected to the memory of a young Canadian
second lieutenant by his father

A certain hut was destroyed on Whitsunday, 1917. This hut had been erected to the memory of a young Canadian 2d Lieutenant by his father, and was completely

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wrecked by shellfire. The staff of workers, when the "strafe" commenced, sought safety in a nearby dugout.

They returned when a lull came in the firing. As they approached the hut to pack up their stores, although they realized that Fritz had spotted the building, they were



The Anderson Hut, Somewhere in France
Note the natural camouflage supplied by the trees

greeted by the shell which fell in the middle of the hut, completely destroying it.

In the devastated villages we find the second type of work that is being carried on by the Y. M. C. A. at the front.

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In the cellar of some old building a Secretary has set up his canteen. Men flock into it by hundreds for a cup of hot tea, other little nicknacks, or smokes.

In one hut tens of thousands have received comfort and cheer. In fact, during the winter of 1916 and 1917, over 160,000 cups of cocoa alone were given away in this one cellar. I arrived at five o'clock one afternoon and found over 500 men in line waiting to get inside for a cup of tea or some other simple refreshment. Day after day as many as 6,000 men are being served in this little cellar. It is located in a shell-swept area. It has had eight direct hits by shells.

But the work has never stopped for a single day. The Secretary has arranged to secure all of the fresh eggs available back of the lines, and he sells them to the men at cost from his canteen. The week before my arrival over 25,000 eggs had been handled.

Shortly after returning to America I was speaking in Spokane. During the course of my talk I held up the picture of this building. A young Canadian officer who was in

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the audience came up afterwards and said:

“You will never know what that cellar meant to me and my men during the cold, bleak days last winter.”

The last general type of work being done by the Y. M. C. A. is at the very front, in the dugouts, up in the forest of barbed wire, up where the great hounds of hell are always barking, up where the bullets always whine. The dugouts are so stationed that the men pass by in going in and coming out of the front line trench.

It is here the Y. M. C. A. reaches out and gives your boy his last helping hand before he goes into the front line to go “over the top.” It is here the hand reaches out to give him the first human touch as he comes struggling painfully back from No Man’s Land, tired and weary after his turn in the front line.

I found them using German dugouts very largely. But there is great disadvantage to this. They open toward Berlin and not Paris, which makes them uncomfortable at times, especially if Fritz spots them.

THE OLD KIT BAG

Motor cars are fitted up as soup kitchens and canteens for use when the troops are on the move. Most of the work is carried on at night while the troops are arriving and departing from the railroad stations.

We enter the Y. M. C. A. hut nearest the German lines. Here we find an American preacher from Montclair, N. J., running the hut, living in a dugout under the platform of the building. All around the hut they are moving in the great howitzers, getting ready for the big show. The American Secretary has very much endeared himself to all the soldiers. A typical Yankee, he has proudly boasted that he is one of the first to take the Stars and Stripes to No Man's Land. One of the officers, good-humoredly joking him about it, said, "You will take Old Glory back with you to the States to exhibit, won't you?" and he very cleverly replied, "Yes, if I don't go home to '*Glory*' first."

In advance of this hut five Y. M. C. A. dugouts have been destroyed within two months.

The "Queen Mary Dugout" was situated

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in the woods on the summit of a small ridge. It was no great distance from the City of Ypres. It is no exaggeration to say that this district has been the scene of some of the hardest fighting on the Ypres salient. Many a British soldier remembers it with good cause.



Entrance to the Queen Alexandria Dugout

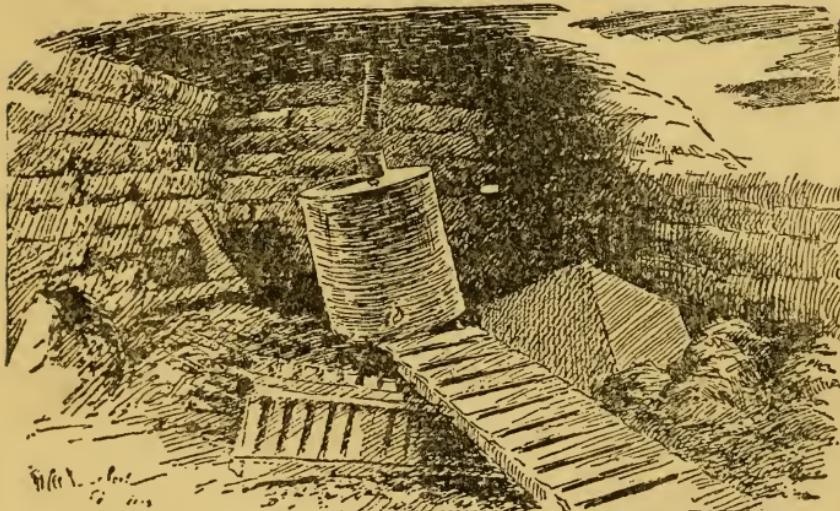
Being very busy one day, help was sent for from a neighboring Y. M. C. A. dugout, and two or three orderlies tossed up to see who was to go. The man who went was crushed to death under the iron side of the dugout when it was shattered by the direct hit of a shell some two hours later.

The Queen Alexandria dugout was quite

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close to the Queen Mary dugout and was "knocked out" during the same bombardment. The Queen Alexandria dugout distributed free cocoa to working parties who were passing to and fro from the front lines during the long, trying winter of 1916-17.

Many a Y. M. C. A. secretary and worker



Interior of the Queen Alexandria Dugout After Bombardment

has "gone west." At the front no man has a "Safety First" passport.

Here are the directions and orders given out by the Directing Y. M. C. A. Secretary of one of the armies to his workers. He never meant them to be published, but I do

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not feel I shall be breaking faith with him if I publish them now. They show in a splendid way the spirit and the work of the Red Triangle workers. I also believe that our people at home will greatly appreciate knowing what care is being taken to help the lads carry the Old Kit Bag.

CONSTRUCTION AND OPERATION OF Y. M. C. A. DUGOUTS

Construction.

Types of Dugouts.—The type of dugout will depend very largely upon the nature of the area, whether it is open country or village. If the former, the most satisfactory type is that built of pit props, steel rails, corrugated iron and sandbagging. A dugout 18' x 12', which is a good size for our purposes, would need 12' 8" pit props, four heavy steel rails, if possible sufficient iron to cover roof and sides (though sandbagging the sides is satisfactory if the roof laps well over the sides), and two thousand sandbags. The dugout should be built in an excavation of the highest available cliff or bank, away from enemy gunfire, and it is wise to remember that the angle of descent of howitzer shells is very steep, almost perpendicular, so too much shelter cannot be had.

If available, a lining of tar-paper during winter months will mean the saving of stock from

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dampness. A board floor or bath mats help in this respect. Bunks for the staff should be constructed one above the other and the use of boxes arranged in tiers is far superior to shelves both for quick service and the saving of space.

A large open space for serving is desirable for speed, so that when necessary even three can work in comfort. Flaps can be built to cover part of the space during slack time. In village areas cellars are always available for use and are very satisfactory. The roofs of all French cellars are of steel rail and brick construction. It is good policy, however, to reinforce them with pit props and heavy planks, if much material is to be thrown on top, for protection. It is usually possible to get two rooms adjoining each other, using one for canteen and one for tea room, and having separate entrance and exit from the street above. A coat of white paint lightens up the place and adds a cheering aspect to what is otherwise a dull and depressing hole.

Location of Dugouts.—As a general principle it is best to put the plant where the men are, rather than have them travel to the plant, as often this means traffic over places where it is highly undesirable to have movement of any kind. After that the things to keep in mind are observation by the enemy, transportation facilities, and proximity of water. Railroad transportation is the best, if available; water can be taken from wells

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or hauled by water carts, but the new system of water mains being put through, can be tapped at any point if accessible to the plant.

It is well to avoid crossroads and junctions of roads with railroad lines, as such points are likely to be shelled frequently. Move along fifty yards or so.

The average Divisional front needs from four to six dugouts to have it properly covered, and in addition there should be, farther back, two or three tea stalls on roads which carry the bulk of the traffic. No stock should be carried in these stalls, or undesirable congestion will occur. Split the distance from front line to rest area so that the cup of tea will be available at regular points on the way up and back for troops going in or out. In general the farthest forward dugouts should be close enough so that men can be sent back from the front line for goods. Near the ration dump is usually a good place—the dugouts farther back will cover troops in support and batteries. Whenever possible, dugouts should be near to dressing stations and advanced aid posts so that during intensive operations wounded can be taken care of where they will naturally congregate for treatment or for transportation to the rear.

Operation.

Dugouts should be open at all times.

Number of Men.—Three men are sufficient for

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the average dugout, but four are often necessary. Over-staffing is bad, as space is limited and the work usually not as well done.

Type of Goods.—No “dud” stock should be sent forward. To the farthest forward places the best goods are biscuits, fruit, chocolate and cigarettes. Other things can be added if transport is easily available, but such things as shoe blacking and brass polish should be tabooed. Comforts should all go forward and be used with discretion. Newspapers, if regularly delivered and on time, are a great boon; they should be delivered to the billets containing large numbers of men at once. Stale news is no news. Do not display papers on or near dugouts. Officers get papers up with rations, so our supply should go direct to the men. A plentiful supply of writing paper and envelopes is imperative, especially where men are occupying village areas, where they have cellar accommodations, tables and chairs and every facility for letter-writing.

Lighting.—Candles are not satisfactory as lights. They soon mess everything up and are not steady enough in draughty places. Oil lamps are by far the best. Petrol cans with the words “Canteen” above and “tea” below and a big “Y” in the center cut out of the sides and faced with dark red paper make good night signs.

Advertising.—In addition to the night lights, abundance of Y. M. C. A. pointers should be well

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placed forward in trenches, making the location of the "Y" definite; e. g., "Y. M. C. A., in Clucas trench 200 yds." Enamel signs for the dugouts themselves are the best. In Y. M. C. A. plants at the rear a list giving location of forward dugouts should always be posted in a conspicuous place.

Control of Dugout Staffs.—The forward officer should be entirely in charge of the dugout staffs. He should move them around as he sees fit and arrange with the senior officer for reliefs, which should take place every two weeks. The front line work should be advocated as a privilege and conducted in that spirit.

Pushes.—When military operations of importance are in progress, at the places farthest up an extra equipment for making tea should be available, and biscuits, chocolate and cigarettes should be packed in sandbags ready to be moved forward in case of any considerable advance. Petrol cans for packing of water should always be in readiness. The first care during a "show" are wounded men. If the dugout is not sufficiently near nor strategically situated to catch the wounded, a temporary place may be set up at or near the dressing station for the first forty-eight hours of the operations to dispense tea, biscuits and cigarettes. Runners and ration parties should be used to get stuff through to the men in their new positions if an advance has been made.

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Cartons of cigarettes and sandbags full of biscuits will gladly be carried through by these means. As soon as possible the forward officer, who should keep himself free for this purpose, should go through with a picked party, carrying tea-making equipment and goods, and a post be established as near to the new front line as feasible. Water should be packed across until a tested supply is found forward. It is well to avoid old German dugouts till they have been examined and marked by engineers, but shelters of some kind can be found or hastily constructed in which to carry on. Food containers are available in which to pack tea to the men in the new positions, other goods going forward in sandbags. The forty-eight hours after a successful show are the best hours to follow up, as enemy guns are being hauled back and retaliatory shelling and barraging is not usually heavy. As soon as the enemy machine guns have been silenced, an advance can be made fairly safely. It is much better to carry the tea and goods to the men and thus prevent them from leaving their posts and congregating around the "Y." Usually about four days after an advance the troops are relieved, and this is the final service of the actual push, in which we take part. It should be possible for *every* man being relieved to get a hot drink several times from the front line to rear billets. Arriving at the latter, any comforts on hand will be of great

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service, especially under winter conditions. This is particularly true of socks.

Forward Officer.—The Forward Y. M. C. A. Officer should live up forward. He will learn much more and get far more familiar with the area and his staffs will respond to his wishes far better if he is actually playing the game close to them.

Other Officers.—While it is desirable that all the "Y" officers of the division should visit and familiarize themselves with the forward area, such visits should be made with the Forward Officer, who is familiar with dangerous places and can explain the significant points about the area. *Touring* as such by officers is to be condemned, as they are likely to make mistakes of judgment in rendering themselves open to observation at critical points to the danger of men living in the area.

Spirit of Service.—The way in which the goods we distribute free are given out is more important than the fact that we have such things to distribute; this, of course, is true at the rear as well as forward. Yet it is more important forward, where our men are likely to be nervous and worried, and thus fail to appreciate the chances offered. The cheery word and smile that should go with the tea and comforts are invaluable where men are under the pressure of discomfort and dangers.

In Conclusion.—All areas differ and each needs

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different treatment. To work out on a plain under direct observation from enemy balloons is very different from working behind a ridge. The thing to remember is that up forward we must play the game, having in mind the objects which the Military Authorities are seeking to attain. They will be glad to have us under those conditions, not otherwise.

CHAPTER VI

“WHERE SUFFERING LIPS ARE DUMB”

The first year I went to the war, I went feeling that there would be one group of men to whom I would find it difficult to speak—the men who had gone down and out with wounds that would forever put them out of the game of life. The strange thing is, I found the easiest men to speak to in all the zone are the men who bear on their bodies the scars of the love they bear their country. They have faced eternity and have come out with the realization that there are things more dreadful than death with honor.

That first year I went into one of the great hospitals. We went into a ward where all the men had made one of the greatest sacrifices. Their eyes were blinded.

Yet I have never seen a more cheerful group of men. Never have I been with men who were so hopeful. I turned to my friend, the head of the hospital, and said:

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“Well, this is remarkable. I never met men so cheerful.”

He said:

“Isn’t that a strange thing—one of the world’s greatest experts on the blind was here the other day and he made that same remark. Sitting near by was a blind lad who heard him, and forgetting his discipline, he said, ‘Sir, you just wait until you see the stout Madonna.’ ”

A moment later I saw her. She weighed about two hundred and fifty, but if you could have weighed her heart it would have weighed a thousand pounds. Every fellow in that ward had come into the great big warmth of the heart of that matron, and in her face was reflected the spirit of the Madonna. She was daily giving of herself to these brave lads. She was teaching them to see anew with their hands, and not their eyes. She was giving them a new lease on life, and hope for the days to come, even though eyes were blinded. She was helping to carry their burdens. After all, I have come to realize, after having gone in and out of the zone, that

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all the heroes are not in the firing line, not for one minute.

The heroes are the mothers, and the wives, and the sisters, and the nurses who are carrying forward this battle. France today could not go forward one single hour if it were not for the women of France—the marvelous women of France.

I have seen them send their boys and fathers away with a smile on their lips, and that was in the days when it was darkest and they knew there was no coming back. Then was when the cloud was really dark.

One afternoon during my first journey into the war zone I was speaking in one of the great training camps in England.

A very prominent English lady, who was in the camp as a canteen worker, invited in all of the university men in one of the Canadian units to a Sunday afternoon tea, at which I was asked to speak. There gathered into the hut that afternoon some three hundred university men, all of them privates and non-commissioned officers.

The program was put on by the men them-

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selves. Especially was I much impressed by the singing of one of the privates. Upon inquiry I found out that before the war he had been the soloist in one of the largest churches in all Canada.

After I had talked with the men for some time they insisted upon hearing from their hostess of the afternoon. After repeated applause she came to the platform. The appreciation of the men for her kindness was very marked indeed. In speaking to them she said, “It has been very little that I have done for you this afternoon. However, I have tried to do for you what I know some other mothers have tried to do for my two boys—one of them ‘went home’ from the trenches last week, the other is over at the front now.”

As she spoke of the death of her first son in such a quiet way I could not help feeling that she was as truly helping to carry forth the war as the men who are doing their bit at the front.

Throughout the war zone I found the mothers and wives quietly carrying their bur-

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dens. However, it is the exceptional home that has not been touched by the supreme sacrifice. Instead of giving themselves up to grief, I found everywhere that the women have come forward to carry their share of the load. Thousands of them are going into the munition factories, thousands went on the farms in order to relieve the men for war duty.

A Brigadier General told me that the day Britain declared war his wife sent away all of the servants and from that time to this has been doing her own work. In addition she went to one of the large Y. M. C. A.'s in London, there to cook four to five hundred suppers every night for the boys as they passed through London going to or returning from the front. She worked in the huts for some two years, at the end of which time her health was so broken it was necessary for her to stop work there. But she did not stop work entirely, because she went immediately to a little farm so as to help there and at the same time build up her strength.

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I have no question but that the American women will prove just as worthy as have the marvelous British and French women.

Entering the ward of a large base hospital I noticed a chap, with his cane in hand, pounding his way across the ward, teaching the other lad how to get about.

I walked up to them and started to talk. I certainly had not meant to say one sad or sympathetic word, because their load was heavy enough without having some one try to sympathize and pity them. I was trying to speak cheerfully, but the fellow possibly caught in my voice a little bit of sympathy. I said:

“How long have you been here?”

One fellow said:

“Six months, sir.”

Turning to the other:

“How long have you been here?”

“Three days. It happened, sir, six days ago over in Flanders.”

The boy who had been there six months possibly caught in my voice a little sympathy—and he did not want it. He let go the

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hand of his friend, threw back his shoulders, tried to focus his stone eyes on me, and said:

“Mister, it is not so bad when you get used to it.”

That is the spirit of the men overseas, “Not so bad when you get used to it.”

And I have come back saying that this war must be won; and it will be won when men throw back their shoulders and, with blinded eyes, say, “It is not so bad when you get used to it.”

I have seen them dragging themselves back out of the line suffering the tortures of hell, but no moaning or groaning. Yes, I have stood by the stretchers where they were first put down after the trip back from No Man’s Land. The bloodshot and pleading eyes told the story. Their lips were silent. Suffering lips are dumb. “Out there” bodies are shattered, but their souls are coming to great heights, for through their sacrifices and suffering men are learning the road to the cross.

Oh, but the honest pride with which they carry their wounds!

I recall one night, after speaking in a

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great convalescent camp, a Canadian lad came limping forward and said:

“Mister, you know I learned what prayer meant in the trenches, for I tell you a fellow can pray when he is lying in a shellhole with the bullets whizzing and zipping around him.”

Then, in the same spirit and with a deep pride in his voice:

“Don’t you want to see my wounds?”

He bared his leg, which had been torn with shrapnel shell. Off came his coat, and as he lifted his shirt, I looked on a side which had been torn and mangled by shrapnel shell, leaving a deep scar, which would send him back a physical wreck.

But as I looked into his face and saw the look of personal victory over physical pain, I gripped him by the hand and said:

“My good man, when you go back to Canada, back to your home, you need not tell them that you love your country, that you love your home, that you love your God—just show them your scars.”

He bore on his body the marks of the sacrifice and love which he carried in his heart for the deep and sacred things of life.

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In the same convalescent camp another soldier came up after I had ceased speaking, and told me that he would soon be mustered out of the hospital, unfit for service. Then he said, with the pull of home strong upon him:

“I want you to see the picture of my family.”

Reaching into his pocket he brought out an old, dirty, torn Testament and, opening it, showed me the picture of his wife and the five little ones back in Canada waiting for him. Looking at the picture and then at him, I said:

“What’s that little book you have there?”

A look of amazement came over his face:

“Why, don’t you know?—that’s a Testament.”

“I thought it was. Do you ever read it?”

Over his face there swept a marvelous expression of joy—he gripped the Testament until the veins stood out on his hand, and looking at me, with tears coming into his eyes, said:

“Man—it’s all I had during those days of hell in the trenches!”

CHAPTER VII

**“I WAS SICK AND IN PRISON AND YE CAME
UNTO ME”**

In all the war zone there is no more lonely, God forsaken, more-to-be-pitied group of men than the prisoners of war.

They are herded into stockades by the thousands, there to remain in many instances until death puts an end to their misery.

These stockades are surrounded by great barbed-wire fences, some twenty feet in height. Into the camps have been massed literally thousands of men. In the Teutonic countries in some cases as many as seventy thousand men are in one camp. Already in the prison camps of the different countries are massed more than three times as many men as have ever been engaged in any war prior to this one. They are rapidly approaching seven million prisoners.

A large proportion of the prisoners captured in this war have been taken by Ger-

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many and Austria in the early part of the war.

The American Ambassador has, in his book, "My Four Years in Germany," told a story which in a small way brings to the minds of the American people the dreadful state of affairs in many of the prison camps in Austria and Germany. Thousands of men have died of typhus and from lack of medical attention; large numbers, because of the insufficient amount of food that has been given to them, have literally sickened and died because of improper nourishment.

Possibly the food conditions in the Hun prison camps have been due to the fact that both Germany and Austria are in dire need of food. With their type of mind it is quite to be expected that the prisoners in their midst shall be allowed to go hungry and permitted to suffer in order to save food for the civil population.

As the great military chain tightens around Austria and Germany we shall hear of far more frightful conditions in the prison camps than we have yet dreamed of.

As one of the leading statesmen of Ger-

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many said to a friend of mine just before America went into the war, and before my friend left Germany:

“Herr —, the Allies say they are going to starve us. They can try it, but before they starve Germany there are millions of the Allies (he was referring to the civilians in invaded Belgium, Servia, Russia and Northern France) within the borders of Germany who will starve before Germany starves.”

We are dealing with an enemy that will stop at no method of brutality in her effort to win the war.

In the face of all the reports that have come out of Germany with regard to the manner in which they are treating our prisoners, I would have my readers know the true facts as to the way in which the Allies are treating their prisoners.

One cold, bleak autumn day I made my first visit to a great prison camp. The camp nestled in a little valley among the great Highlands of Scotland. It was a blustery, rainy day.

The soldiers who were detailed to guard the

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camp were living outside the prison fence in tents that were far from comfortable. The guards, as they marched back and forth, were chilled through from the cold rain. The work of the guards is a most unpleasant duty, far away from the excitement and tension of the battle line.

I stood fairly amazed as I viewed the barracks in which the prisoners were living. Long, low, wooden barracks fitted up most comfortably, sanitation perfect, and heated inside by stoves.

Even though it was raining, a large number of the prisoners had gathered out in the yard of the prison camp to witness a football game which was going on among them.

Certainly these men had little to complain of. Their food was wholesome, their barracks comfortable, and the care with which they were being looked after by the Commandant of the camp reminded one more of the care that an officer gives to his own men.

Later it was my privilege to visit many of the prison camps in Britain, and in every single one I found the men living in clean,

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wholesome, sanitary buildings. Inasmuch as that was during the first and second years of the war I found them receiving plenty of white bread. The food in general was of the very best quality and there was abundance for all.

In all of the prison camps adequate arrangements had been made for athletics and games of all sorts, music and recreation.

In compliance with the regulations regarding the treatment of prisoners I found all officers in barracks by themselves.

Before going to the front I was much amused one afternoon in Alexandria, Egypt, to find a prison camp which they called the Turkish Officers' Rest Camp. The camp was built right on the seashore so that the barbed-wire fence went out into the water. By this means the Turkish Officers had the opportunity for surf bathing, and ever so often the prisoners from Cairo and other parts were brought to Alexandria for a month to what they call the rest camp. Giving prisoners a vacation was an entirely new thought to me.

Great as was my astonishment at the Chris-

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tian treatment that Britain was giving her prisoners it all faded into insignificance when I saw the marvelous way in which the German prisoners are treated at the British front.

Going along the battle front the day before a battle I asked my friend:

“What are these little stockades?”

Ever so often, within the line, I found small stockades surrounded by barbed-wire fences some six feet high—all of them empty. My friend replied:

“Those are for the prisoners who will be captured tomorrow morning.”

The next morning as I stood in an old dug-out and saw the men streaming down the “Path of the Walking Wounded” I could not believe what my eyes were actually seeing. Here comes a wounded Tommy, struggling along, but around his neck is the arm of a German prisoner who is severely wounded. The British soldier is helping him back to the hospital.

Here come two wounded soldiers, and in between them they are supporting a wounded Boche.

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As they stop at the Y. M. C. A. dugout, in every single instance I saw the British Tommy give his prisoner the cup of tea or the “fag” as it was handed out to them by the Y. M. C. A.

But it was outside the dressing stations where I received my greatest surprise. Here, congregated among the wounded British, were also the German walking wounded prisoners. Among all of the hundreds of wounded Germans that I saw outside the station I did not see a single British soldier by look, or by act, or by inference, mistreat a single German prisoner. On the contrary, I saw Tommy after Tommy, no matter how badly wounded, as he received his cup of tea in the Y. M. C. A. tent, turn and give it to his wounded enemy. I saw them give their wounded prisoners their own cigarettes, before they smoked one themselves. I saw them give their bowls of soup, their biscuits, their chocolate.

Never will I forget standing beside one young English lad who was badly wounded. In addition he had been gassed. As I came

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up his whole attention was centered on a German lad who could not have been over seventeen. The German boy's eye had been shot away. An old dirty handkerchief had been stuffed into the wound to stop the flow of blood. The poor chap was shaking from head to foot as a tree might shake in an awful storm. In addition to his wound he had one of the worst cases of shell shock I have ever seen. The young British lad, as he looked on his enemy with compassion and pity, forgot his own wounds. Turning to me, he said:

“Poor devil—Hain’t hit too bad, ’e got ’is all right!”

Whenever I hear anyone say that war brutalizes men I think of standing outside those dressing stations beholding the British soldiers forgiving their enemies and doing good unto those who had spitefully used them.

Only a matter of a few hours before they had gone into that hell and had faced thousands of enemies. Now, out from the front line, back from “No Man’s Land,” they have forgotten their hatred, have forgiven their

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enemies and are dealing in kindness with those who undoubtedly would not have given them a cup of cold water had they been captives.

I saw the stretcher bearers bringing in the men who could no longer help themselves, I saw them bringing in the German wounded along with their own. They bring in the enemy as they would bring in their own brothers.

If our lads can come out of the line and treat their prisoners as I saw the British do, after having faced them in the hand-to-hand death grapple, I am forced to say:

“Thank God! War does not brutalize. Idealism is uppermost.”

I can almost hear some of my readers saying:

“This is awful. Why do they treat the prisoners so well?”

Well might such a question be asked. But stop—we are fighting not with the thought of merely ending this war, but that war shall cease and vanish from the face of the earth. And of the thousands of prisoners captured, practically all will be going back to their own

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country, there to tell of the Christlike treatment they received at the hands of their enemy. These men will be going to all parts of the German and Austrian Empires. Such treatment as is being accorded them is bound to have its effect on the whole German population after the war. Ours is a war not for retaliation—not a war of hate—but a war for democracy.

There came past one of the Y. M. C. A. dugouts one afternoon an Australian Officer with a small guard, in charge of a number of German prisoners. As they stopped for their cup of tea the Australian Officer laughingly said:

“Now, boys, let the guests have their tea first.”

Compare such treatment as this with the treatment that our unfortunate lads have received who have been captured by the enemy.

It was not my privilege to see the French Camps, or the German prisoners coming into the French camps, but I understand that France has given them the same kind and considerate treatment.

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After the war these prisoners are going back to tell the true story of the treatment which they received. In all the world's history there is no more remarkable story of unselfish and Christlike service than that which has been and is being rendered in all of the prisoners' camps (save in Turkey) by the Y. M. C. A. under the marvelous leadership of Dr. John R. Mott.

Scarcely had the war started and the prison camps commenced to fill when Dr. Mott visited the war zone. He visited both sides of the conflict and laid the foundation for a work which will never be forgotten by a multitude of grateful men. The Y. M. C. A. men have gone to both sides of the conflict, there to organize the work of the Y. M. C. A. in the prison camps.

It is difficult for us in America to realize the awful monotony of prison camp life even at its best, not to think of it at its worst—thousands and thousands of men, day after day, never able to turn their eyes that they do not face crowds, never able to sleep that they are not touching the body of another

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man! When they turn to look outside the prison camp, their eyes rest upon the guard with the loaded rifle and glistening bayonet. It is no wonder that insanity is one of the elements that must be fought against most tenaciously.

The Y. M. C. A. Secretaries have gone into the different prison camps to help the prisoners help themselves. Lumber has been taken in to build Y. M. C. A. huts. The prisoners are of all kinds. All that needs to be furnished is the material and the prisoners will do the work.

But, once the building is up, the work of the Y. M. C. A. in the prison camp is only commenced. Athletic equipment is provided so that the men can exercise. Musical instruments have been taken in with a view of organizing orchestras and bands. Educational classes have been formed in order that the prisoners may improve their minds; and in many instances food has been given to thousands of men who could not have endured the prison diet. Thousands and tens of thousands of men have been enrolled in the educational

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classes. For example, in one camp alone more than five thousand Germans were daily studying English. In many of the prison camps a full college curriculum has been introduced, because among the prisoners are college professors who can teach the classes. There are many colleges in the prison camps where the attendance exceeds the number of students enrolled at Yale or Harvard Universities.

Even though America is at war, the work for prisoners in Germany and Austria has been continued with the consent of the German War Office. The American secretaries have been withdrawn and replaced by secretaries from Sweden, Switzerland, Denmark and other neutral countries.

In one small prison camp for officers, with less than three hundred officers in the camp, more than two hundred and fifty were enrolled in the following language classes: French, Spanish, Italian, English and Russian.

One Secretary writes, regarding the educational work:

“You cannot imagine the joy of the men

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who for the first time in their lives are able to write to their families. It is like making the dumb to speak."

The work has been carried on under some very difficult circumstances. The following is an excerpt from a letter of Mr. Marshall Bartholomew, one of the American secretaries who, in a most remarkable way, has carried on the work among the prisoners in Siberia:

"It is simply impossible to describe the penetrating qualities of Siberian cold. Yesterday was thirty-four below zero with a high wind and considerable snow and today was forty-three below, but without much wind. Last night, in driving in from a neighboring camp, my driver froze both cheeks and one side of his nose, and today my second driver froze his nose in a five-hour sleigh ride. My equipment of high felt boots with cork soles, a fur coat and fur cap and a fur rug keeps me from reaching a point of complete frigidity, but it isn't the sort of thing one would choose for a pleasure jaunt."

The work among all the prisoners has been carried on without any thought being given to

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creed or race—Protestants, Catholics, Jews, Members of the Greek Church, Hindoos, Mohammedans, and all have carried on their religious services in the Y. M. C. A. huts.

Millions of men in the prison camps, who have been administered to by the Y. M. C. A. representatives, can say from true hearts:

“I was sick and in prison and ye came unto me.”

CHAPTER VIII

“IN THE MELTING POT”

Early in the year 1914 I was the guest of one of the best known men in Canada. At the luncheon, in addition to my host, were three other very prominent Canadians. My host made the statement that he could not but feel that the British Empire was rapidly disintegrating, that the ties which bound Canada to the mother country were very slight indeed; that Australia was rapidly coming to the place where she would be entirely out of the Empire; that India was restless and calling for home rule; and that Ireland was rapidly approaching a revolution. He closed his discourse by stating that he truly believed the Great British Empire would go the road of the great Roman Empire in less than a year.

Behold what a change! Germany has interpreted such statements as the above to

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mean that now was the time to make her attempt for world supremacy. To all intents and purposes it certainly seemed that she was guessing right. But she did not know the true heart of the Briton.

No sooner had war been declared than Canada, without waiting for the mother country, had called for volunteers. Her troops were on their way to Europe almost over night. Australia and New Zealand immediately came forward. India, to the surprise of many English statesmen, offered her wealth and men in defense of the Empire.

In fact, as Mr. Lloyd George has so well stated:

“The Germans have made many miscalculations in this war, but I think that which must have caused them the most acute disappointment was the spectacle which was seen when, at the beginning of the war there rallied round this country the armed contingents, both European and native, from our Dominions all over the world. These people realized with unerring instinct the nature of the issues which were involved. They saw that the

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British Empire was in danger, and that if it perished there would go with it the guarantees for their own free and contented existence. They never minded that the war was thousands of miles away, and that their country was not invaded, and, indeed, that no portion of the British Empire was invaded. They never thought of the dangers that were to be encountered or the lives that might be laid down. From all parts of the world the great greyhounds came coursing across the sea carrying to the battlefield the men of many races, religions and climes."

During the first three years of the war Canada has sent something like three hundred and fifty thousand men for overseas service; Australia has sent some three hundred thousand; New Zealand one hundred and twenty thousand; South Africa fifty thousand, and Newfoundland forty thousand; while from India have been offered many thousands more.

In spite of all the German propaganda in America to the effect that England has let the Colonies carry the load, the Mother Coun-

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try has contributed seventy-five per cent of the armies of the Empire.

In 1915 when I went into the great training camps of Britain I found that there and on the battlefields of Flanders was being welded a greater and bigger Empire than ever had been dreamed of. For, truly in the great training camps men were being purged of class distinction, of racial bigotry and sectional selfishness. In fact, there was being moulded a greater and truer democracy. Men of all classes and walks in life had rushed to the colors, because Britain has produced the greatest volunteer army in the history of the world.

I remember speaking one night to a battalion where every lad in the camp had enlisted from the public schools. That same evening I spoke to a battalion where every man had his own private income—they were termed the “Sportsmen’s Battalion.” In that same battalion I recall one man, a prominent barrister, who, as soon as war was declared, went forward, misstating facts regarding his age in order to get into the army; giving up

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a thirty-five-thousand-dollar income for his one bob a day from the British Government. And when taken to task as to why he did not go in for a commission he said:

“I would have you know that I would prefer to win my commission.”

One Sunday morning I watched three thousand men file into the old Cathedral of Canterbury. I saw them kneel as they were led in prayer at the last religious service they would participate in before they went out to France the next day. In the evening I was talking to the man who had conducted the service that morning—(Parson Adams as he was referred to in loving terms by his men)—my speaking of his service made him look at me with surprise on his face and say that he could not do otherwise. “When the war came we locked our home—my wife went off to serve in a hospital in France, my daughter is in a hospital here in England—my son at the Dardanelles—and I am going off to France with the Brigade. We will not unlock our home until the war is over.”

The British Army has become the melting

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pot of the Empire, for Britain has learned that in order to win the war all personal desires must be shoved aside.

Politicians had to go, self seekers were “downed,” and real statesmen brought forth. Who would have dreamed, the latter part of July, 1914, that Mr. Lloyd George, “the petty Welsh lawyer,” as he was so many times referred to, would become the great leader of the Empire.

The war has become the crucible of democracy.

Russian autocracy has had to go, and even though Russia at the present time is struggling forward like a great, suddenly awakened giant who is just beginning to find his strength, she eventually will come into her own. She can never go back to what she was before the war.

We shall find that the war will do for America what it has been doing for Britain—true social democracy is bound to come forth. For in the camp the millionaire marches beside the pauper, the university man beside the foreigner who cannot speak a word of Eng-

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lish. But all are coming to a better understanding of one another.

One night after I had spoken in one of the great American training camps, men of some twelve different nationalities came up to shake hands with me. These lads, when they come back from the war, will no longer be Russians, Italians, French. They will all come back bigger and better Americans.

In the camps all of them will learn English and have an opportunity for educational advancement. All of them are getting a better understanding of what the great American Republic stands for.

Those who doubt the value of religion in men's lives need only visit the great army camps, or go up and down the Western front. The men are constantly searching after the deeper and bigger things of life.

I shall never forget going one night into one of the great training camps where were many of those who were then known as "Kitchener's Mob." It was Sunday night, and raining in torrents. As I came into the great Y. M. C. A. tent where I was to speak,

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I found it packed with men. I decided that the rain had brought them in because it was practically the only place in camp where they could get in out of the wet. Not only was every bit of space in the tent jammed with men, but they were sitting on the platform and the aisles were crowded. They were standing under the eaves of the tent. It was one great mass of men.

The Secretary whispered in my ear saying:

“Now, look out. You can’t talk religion to these fellows. They won’t take it. They are dockhands from Liverpool. Practically all of them speak two languages, one is English, the other——!”

Thinking that probably he was right I asked:

“What shall I talk about?”

“Talk about big game hunting in the jungles.” He knew I had been in India and had some experience in big game hunting.

The meeting began and I commenced to talk about big game hunting. The men paid attention but were not particularly interested. They were on a bigger game hunt than I had

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ever dreamed of. They were hunting with the bayonet.

In the middle of my address I stopped as it flashed into my mind that I was missing it. Looking over my audience, I stopped talking about game shooting and started to talk about the biggest game hunt in the world—the hunt for character. Every single man in that great tent came to attention. There was not a man who left the tent during my talk of almost an hour. The atmosphere was absolutely tense with interest.

At the end of the address I asked the men who wanted to swear allegiance to serve God in the best way they could; to be true to the home folks; keep pure and clean, to hold up their hands. Out of the so-called “toughest regiment of the British Empire” over two hundred and fifty men shot their hands into the air. They were, in company with practically all the men in the war zone, seeking after the truer and deeper things of life.

After the meeting was over they staged an impromptu concert, and the men lined up to take their turns as they danced jigs and sang

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their songs. They sang all the latest songs to their way of thinking:

“Way Down upon the Swannee River,”

“My Old Kentucky Home,”

and many others of the same sort.

To my surprise, when taps sounded, this regiment (which had been lied about as the toughest regiment) broke out with that grand old song, which I have since heard on far flung desert sands. I have heard it on the Western front; I have heard the Americans sing it in France and the men sing it in the camps all over this country.

“ABIDE WITH ME”

Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide;

The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,

Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;

Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;

Change and decay in all around I see;

O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

I need Thy presence ev'ry passing hour,

What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?

Who, like Thyself, my Guide and Stay can be?

Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

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Hold thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;

Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows
flee!

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

After three years of going to and coming from these great camps I have come to realize that the men are looking for reality and truth.

The following incident which took place in one of the great camps of this country illustrates the spirit of the men. There had come from one of the large city churches a preacher to speak to the boys in the camp. During the evening before the meeting he was talking to a small group of men and said:

“Boys, I have a sermon which I can preach to you tonight, or I can give you a funny lecture. Which shall it be?”

One deep-chested sergeant spoke up and said:

“If you, a minister of the gospel, have come a thousand miles to speak in this camp and you don't know whether to give a sermon or a funny lecture, I think you had better give a funny lecture.”

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Shortly after the Officers' Reserve camps had been organized in this country I was speaking in one of them. At the close of the meeting I stated that possibly there were some men in the camp who had not been living as true a Christian life as they knew they ought to lead, and that, realizing the task which was ahead of them and the obligations which would be upon them, possibly some would like to say by the holding up of their hands, “from now on I am going to lead the truest Christian life I know how.”

The building was jammed and scores of men were standing outside. One young university lad who could not get into the tent called out as I ceased speaking:

“Here I am. You can't see me, but you can count me in.”

No one laughed, because the men in the camps have come to have a true appreciation of reality and frankness.

At the front I found no group of men who are loved more than the chaplains who have shown themselves to be real men. For at the front the men are not asking of the padre

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what university degrees he has or what theological seminary he graduated from or what church he occupied in civil life. Instead they are asking:

“Does he stick it?”

“Is he real?”

“Does he have a message that will help us?”

“When the regiment goes into the front lines does he have work that keeps him back at headquarters, or does he go in with the regiment?”

The men are not particularly interested in theological questions, but they are deeply interested in a man’s relation to his God. They always ask to hear any man who has a message that will help them to “carry on” when the day’s work takes them on to the borders of No Man’s Land.

After the war there will be two classes of people. Those who helped win the war and those who did not.

The majority of the men who are in the war and come back will come back bigger and most of them better men, because at the battle front the men are coming into a better in-

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terpretation of the brotherhood of men and the fatherhood of God.

Men who are marching together, eating together, sleeping together, going forward to fight, and perhaps to die together, are saying “why should we not worship together?”

The greater test is coming, not to the man at the front, but to those back home who stand by and criticize because the Government has not done this and that; to those who are criticizing the boys because they are doing some things which they would not like to have them do. For example—I think of the great Edinburgh preacher, Dr. John Kelman, who told me that on coming back from one of his trips to the front, a kind-hearted elderly lady came up to him and said:

“Dr. Kelman, is it true that the boys smoke out in France?”

Dr. Kelman replied:

“Yes, my good lady, that’s true.”

“Dr. Kelman, is it true they give them tobacco in the Y. M. C. A. at the front?”

“Yes, that’s true, too.”

Again she asked him:

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“Dr. Kelman, is it possible that some of the boys at the front swear?”

Dr. Kelman, having seen at the front what I have seen, and many another man has seen—men swearing in one breath and praying in the next, not realizing that they are swearing, but under the tense atmosphere of that awful front line, looking at her said:

“Yes— some of the boys swear out in France—, and my good lady, I am not sure but that you would swear if you were out there.”

After standing at the front and seeing men come back with shattered and wrecked bodies, asking for a smoke before they ask to have their wounds tied up, I have come to realize that those who stay at home and criticize would probably change their minds if they could spend just five minutes on the edge of No Man’s Land after a battle.

The boys out there are giving all they have to give and are doing it willingly and without complaint. I cannot but think of their gifts alongside some of the gifts which are made by some people back in this country. I am

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not forgetting the sacrifice that has been involved in the large amount of money given to the Red Cross, to the Y. M. C. A., in the purchase of Liberty Loan Bonds, but at the same time I am thinking of the gifts of some people alongside the gifts of the lads out there.

After speaking one afternoon on behalf of the Y. M. C. A. at a very well-known home in one of the Eastern cities, a lady of great wealth came up and said:

“You will never know what the Y. M. C. A. has meant to my boy.”

Tears stood in her eyes. Around her neck was twined a string of magnificent pearls. My son says:

“It would be almost hell if it were not for the Y. M. C. A. It is the one bright spot in camp.”

“And you know I want to make a gift to help carry forward this work.”

As she left the room this woman who, if she meant what she said, could have given thousands, left in an envelope a five-dollar bill as a testimonial of her sacrifice.

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Alongside of her gift I think of an old negro butler who came into the headquarters of the Y. M. C. A. in one of the cities during the campaign, and said to the Secretary:

“Mister, I want to make a contribution to the Y. M. C. A. They turned me down for the army, but I want to do something for the other boys who are going, and all the money I have in the world is this check for my week’s wages, but I want you to take it as my contribution. And I want you to know that as long as this war lasts, out of my nine dollars a week, I am going to give five dollars a month to help carry on the work for the other boys.”

His was a real gift, for truly it is not what we give, but what we share.

But, out of this great melting pot is going to come a newer and greater conception of unselfish service and sacrifice. Those who cannot go must give and share with those who do go. This is not a war of the few. It is the war of every true man and woman, every boy and girl, who call themselves Americans. We have all got to keep on giving and giving, not only of our money but of ourselves. Ours

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must be the spirit of the boys out there. Who ever heard of a lad coming forward to his Captain and saying:

“I can’t go ‘over the top’ tomorrow morning. I went over a couple of weeks ago and I have done my bit.”

No, it does not work that way. He goes “over the top” and he keeps going over until at last he makes the great sacrifice or comes back out of the line unfit for service.

CHAPTER IX

“FRANCE CANNOT DIE”

Is France bleeding white?

Yes, if you mean France has sacrificed on the field of honor the youth and flower of her nation. The finest and best that France has has gone forth to fight and die for her. Already she has laid on the altar of Liberty a million of her sons. In addition to this, hundreds of thousands of her men have come back with wounds which have made of them physical wrecks. Three long and terrible years of war have drained the man power of France.

In 1915 I went over the battlefield of the Marne. There I was reminded in an unforgettable way of the words of General Joffre: “We will stop on the Marne.”

In those first awful days of the war irresistible German hordes swept through Belgium, leaving destruction and death in their wake, barbaric hordes laying waste all that

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they came in touch with. As they came on like a great torrent it seemed nothing could save Paris.

But in their path stood the little “contemptible British Army” which knew how to die, but did not know how to surrender. In their way stood the fathers, husbands and brothers of France, who were fighting not for honor and not for glory, but for their homes, their women, their little helpless children, in fact for all that we hold sacred and dear. General Joffre, with great strategy, had held part of his forces in reserve and said to his armies, “We will stop on the Marne.” Yes, they stopped on the Marne, there to lay down all if necessary, but never to surrender.

I went over many of those fields of battle. Many times, walking over ground where my feet were constantly touching graves, I looked upon those forests of little crosses, the white crosses marking the graves of the French, the black crosses marking the German graves.

Then for the first time I realized what it

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meant to France to stop Germany on the Marne.

The last Sunday of September, 1917, I went into the City of Verdun. It was a quiet day. They were not "strafing" the city. There were no soldiers on the streets, only in the cellars under the buildings were men. But no one can realize the awful destruction of that once beautiful city unless their eyes have rested upon it. Practically every room in every house has been hit by shells and virtually hammered to pieces. Streets have been obliterated, beautiful homes have become mere piles of bricks and stones. Shade trees have become old snags. Devastation and destruction are on every hand.

Dreadful and terrible as has been the material cost, it fades into insignificance compared with the human cost. One cannot forget the thousands of little graves, the acres of them, scattered on the hillsides around Verdun.

Down into the ages will ring those immortal words, "They shall not pass," and they did not pass.

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But in stopping Germany on the Marne and holding Verdun, the key to Paris, France has sacrificed the best she has. If we mean the cost in human life, then I say France is bleeding white.

Is France bleeding white?

Yes, if we mean from a purely material standpoint. Her finest coal fields have been captured, her most productive vineyards taken. The people of Northern France have been either driven forth from their homes by the Boche or starved and treated worse than dogs.

The people of France have poured in their money to carry forward the war. They have gone without many of the necessities of life. They have gone forward in spite of a shortage of food and of coal.

They have given up their motor cars, for you will find no more pleasure cars in France today.

They have cheerfully taken the order “only one hot bath a week in order to save coal.”

France has paid a tremendous price.

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In going through the villages into the country one never sees men of military age, physically fit, not in uniform—only the old men and the boys.

One evening, going by motor car out to one of the great base camps where the soldiers belonged to the youngest class that had been called to the colors, I said to my French friend:

“Your country has paid an awful price in this war.”

He did not speak for a long time. I presume he was thinking of the price his own family had paid. At last he very quietly replied:

“Yes, we have paid an awful price. If you were to put crêpe on every door where they have lost a loved one, the door of practically every house in France would carry crêpe.”

Is France bleeding white?

No, and never will she bleed white. If you mean the spirit of France is broken; if you mean she is at the breaking point; France is determined to see it through. For the

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people have come to realize that death is to be preferred to defeat. She will go on, and on, giving and sacrificing. But she will never give in, even though all her sons are laid on the altar.

The editor of *Le Matin* summed it all up when he said:

“France sees the path in which she must go and she is willing to walk in that path wherever it may lead. The path may lead to suffering greater than France has yet known; or it may lead to death. It will not lead to servitude and dishonor.”

One afternoon, as the guest of the American Ambassador, the Hon. William Sharpe, who in such a splendid sympathetic way has been looking after our affairs in France, I went to the opening of a great hospital. It was a hospital which was to be devoted to the education of the permanently maimed, who were out of the game and must now go back into civil life, no longer able to do the work they had been doing before the war. I said opening, but that afternoon there gathered into that large ward hundreds of men

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who were already in the hospital. Every single ward was full of men long before the official opening, all of them maimed for life, an arm or a leg gone. Here they were to be taught new trades by which they could earn their daily bread.

In the course of the afternoon there stood on the platform one of the great opera singers of France in the uniform of a private. As he started to sing the "Marseillaise," I turned and looked over that great ward. Every man who could come to his feet or foot was standing at attention. Here was one helping up a man next to him who had only one leg. As the singer went on to sing:

"March on, March on,"

"All hearts resolved on victory or death," a great sob crept over the whole room. Every man who had faced the German bullets cried like a little child.

No, France is not dying—she may be bleeding white, but France cannot die. Richard Butler Glaenzer, in his poem, "Vive La France," tells the story:

“FRANCE CANNOT DIE”

If France is dying, she dies as day,
In the splendor of noon, sun-aureoled.
If France is dying, then youth is gray
And steel is soft and flame is cold.
France cannot die! France cannot die!

If France is dying, she dies as love
When a mother dreams of her child-to-be.
If France is dying, then God above
Died with His Son upon the Tree.
France cannot die! France cannot die!

If France is dying, true manhood dies,
Freedom and justice, all golden things.
If France is dying, then life were wise
To borrow of death such immortal wings.
France cannot die! France cannot die!

CHAPTER X

LONDON—PARIS

“Take cover!” an English policeman was shouting as he came rushing into Piccadilly Circus on his motorcycle.

Immediately everyone rushed into nearby buildings. Within ten minutes the streets, which had been crowded with people and motor busses coming and going, were absolutely clear—as clear from human life as a country churchyard at midnight.

The Boche planes were coming towards London and word had been sent on in advance to clear the streets.

Some fifteen minutes later staid old London was being shaken by the roar of the scores of anti-aircraft guns that were firing their shrapnel, creating a mass of bursting shells two to three miles up in the air over the city. By this firing they were keeping the German planes from getting down near

enough to the ground to see where they should drop their bombs.

As the policeman called out his order, "Take cover," there was no screaming or going into hysterics. Everyone quickly and quietly rushed into the nearby buildings. The hundreds of women and children who had been standing outside the entrances to the London Underground had been admitted so as to get out from under the rain of shrapnel—not from the German planes, but from the British anti-aircraft guns firing into the air. For, as a matter of fact, although they have made scores of attempts on London, the actual damage done by these raiding German planes has been slight.

As I stood in the entrance to one of the buildings, watching the women and children crowding into the Underground—here a woman with her four or five little children clinging to her skirts and an infant in her arms—here an aged couple—here little newsboys—all quiet and calm, I could not help but wonder what would happen in New York if some evening a policeman should rush

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down the street calling out to the crowds, "Take cover, the German planes are coming." Would New York take the news in the same quiet and calm way London does?

After some two hours the policeman again comes down through the empty streets, calling out:

"All's well. The Boche planes have been driven away."

What great rejoicing there would be tomorrow morning in Berlin when the newspapers carried the report that London had once more been bombed—the glorious news that a few helpless little school children had been blown to pieces or a few women killed! No material damage whatever accomplished, but our enemy is one who rejoices at the death of innocent women and little children.

Spending the night in the home of one of my very dear friends in London, I went in to kiss his two little kiddies goodnight. At the head of their bed they had hung their little kit bags, with cakes of chocolate and biscuits and a canteen of water, for their father and mother had taught them to look

upon the air raids as a sort of lark, when they would go to the basement as soldiers go to the dugouts.

It is truly remarkable the way our Anglo-Saxon brothers can make the best of all circumstances.

Imagine, you who live in the inland cities of America, retiring at night, not knowing at what moment you would have to rush out of bed and to the basement with your little children.

At the same time bear in mind that the only reason your homes have not been invaded is because, standing between America and the wretched Hun are the great British and French Armies on the Western Front and the great British Fleets which have swept the seas and kept back from our door the enemy who glories in the death of the innocent and the helpless. Lying in my bed one night in London I counted, inside of five minutes, the firing of one hundred and twenty anti-aircraft guns.

In London all the great hotels are being run by women. There are no longer elevator

OUT THERE

boys—there are elevator girls. Women running the Underground, running the busses, working in the great munition plants, in order that the men may go off to the front to fight. Truly the whole nation is at war. But in the midst of it all I found no spirit of discouragement. On the contrary, I found a spirit of determination, a willingness to make whatever sacrifices are necessary to win the war.

Practically the only danger in London from the air raids is the falling of the shrapnel from the anti-aircraft guns. The bombs have done very little damage. Fortunately a number of the bombs dropped have been "dud" bombs. I recall standing in the entrance to a theatre near one of the most prominent corners in London when a great German bomb was dropped which did not go off. It has been very remarkable how little actual damage has been accomplished by the raiders.

Many times since I have returned to America I have been asked the question:

"Why do not the British airplanes retaliate?"

For the simple reason that the Allies are not carrying on a war of retaliation. The killing of women and little children in Germany is not going to end the war. Britain and France have developed their wonderful airplane service for the work at the front, and not for destroying the unprotected and noncombatants back of the line.

At the front I found that, without question, the Allied planes are the superior of the Boche machines, this in spite of the fact that in August, 1914, Britain had sixty-six machines and one hundred officers, whereas today she has a great fleet of thousands and thousands of machines, and tens of thousands of men.

It is in Paris that one sees and feels the great throbbing heart of the Allies. The streets are crowded with men coming from and going to the war. It is here we find the Allied soldiers of all descriptions. It is a rare sight to see a man on the streets of Paris not in uniform.

No great, gaudy show, such as we see in New York; no luxurious motor cars are here;

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no elaborate dining out, no white bread on the table—only war bread. There was no butter and practically no sugar.

What a comparison New York makes with London and Paris, where all lights are gone. Through the darkened streets you hear the constant tooting of the taxicabs, but everything is in darkness.

New York with thousands of cars going and coming, London and Paris without a single pleasure car!

On the streets of New York there are a few score of uniformed men. In London and Paris there are thousands and thousands of uniformed men, and hundreds of wounded men.

In Paris, practically all hotels are closed and turned over into hospitals. Everyone is busy—in some way connected with the war.

In London, in all the great parks and public squares will be found Y. M. C. A. or other rest huts for the accommodation of the soldiers.

Paris and London have domesticated the war.

CHAPTER XI

“AT THE WAR WITH THE YANKEES”

“Say, got the ‘makings’?”

“Sure, here is some Bull Durham.”

It was early morning. We had gotten off the train at a little French railway station to get a cup of coffee. We had landed at two o'clock that morning and were on our way to Paris. Knowing what to expect, we had prepared for just such an emergency. As they rolled their “makings” and went puffing off down the railroad platform, we realized that at last America was in the world war.

As we were waiting for the train to pull out, the Yankee lads gathered around, all of them bubbling over with questions about home.

None of them waited for us to answer their questions. But they are all happy and cheerful as they ply us with questions, and above all the big question:

“How soon is the Y. M. C. A. going to

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get us plenty of American tobacco? We don't like this French stuff."

Later, as we went through the country where the Yankees were in camp, we found them all cheerful, working like Trojans, for had not they had the honor of being in the First Contingent of American troops that went to France?

They were billeted—not in great comfortable barracks, such as we have provided for the men in this country. They were billeted in little villages, a few hundred here and a few hundred there, living in barns, haymows, stables, or cow sheds, lads who less than a year ago were living back home in comfortable farm houses, fraternity houses, club houses, and having the best America could afford.

In many of these little villages the entrance to the house and the entrance to the stable open on the same street, as they are always under the same roof. Between them is generally placed the manure pile, which isn't especially decorative.

All the Yankees are picking up a smat-

“WITH THE YANKEES”

tering of French, and in answer to your questions, it is no longer, “Oui, oui, Monsieur!” but, with a keen sense of humor, “We, we, manure!”

We find that our new army is indeed a democratic army, consisting of men and boys from all walks of life. But all of them are now bound together, not by military discipline alone, but by a common purpose; everyone determined to do his share in helping to win the war, to make “The world safe for Democracy.”

It is a marvelous thing, the way our lads are sticking it out there. Of course, a good many of them are cold and wet, and not accustomed to that sort of life, but I heard less growling all the time I was in those American camps than I would have heard in any fraternity or club house back here in one day.

One night, on my way to the French front, we arrived at a camp of American engineers. They were helping to run one of the important railroads that feeds the front line. As I walked across the camp toward the Y. M. C. A. tent, one chap called out:

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“Say, boys, here are some new Y. M. C. A. men.”

We went over to where he was helping wash up the dishes after the evening meal. Finding out we had not eaten, all the chaps in the barracks came rolling out to see that we were fed. From all over they came with their mess kits, wanting to do something for us.

Later we gathered in the Y. M. C. A. tent for a “sing-song” and religious meeting. Just as I started to speak, for it was a moonlight night, a Boche machine came over, trying to drop bombs on the camp. As the anti-aircraft guns began to crack, one chap turned off the lights and I went on talking. Not a man left the tent to watch the show outside. In fact there was less attention paid to the Boche than I have seen given to a late comer at a Sunday morning service back home. After the meeting was over the secretary called out:

“Some of you fellows may be going up the line tonight. I wonder if we could use your bunks?”

Of course, only a few of the men were going up the line, but every chap in the tent called out:

“They can have my bunk.”

No lack of hospitality there. However, the Colonel insisted on fixing us up at Headquarters.

These were the railroad men. One captain, who had taken me especially under his wing—a fine type of man, and one who held an important railroad position in this country—said to a sergeant who had been in the same office with him back here:

“Bill, what did you do with my lantern?”

The sergeant replied:

“That wasn’t your lantern!” (A little different from the reply he would have made if he had lived in a British camp.)

“That *was* my lantern.”

“That was *not* your lantern.”

My friend, the captain, forgetting that he was entertaining a secretary, said:

“Damn it, that *was* my lantern!”

“You might as well keep your shirt on; it was *not* your lantern.”

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“It was my lantern,” replied the captain, “and I am going to have it!”

“Well,” replied the sergeant, “if you want it, go get it.”

And the strange thing was that the captain went and got it.

In talking with the colonel, an old West Point man, afterwards, I said:

“It must be a remarkable pleasure for you to command these men.”

“I never commanded a group of men where it was such a joy as this.”

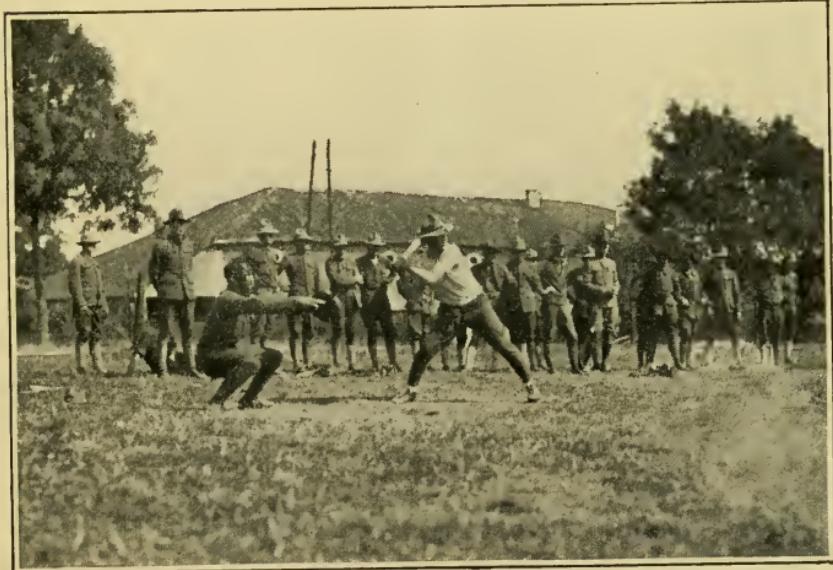
“Of course, discipline is your smallest question,” I remarked, jokingly.

“No, that is my biggest question. I have to not see a good many things over here. I realize that these men did not come to be soldiers as much as they came over to help win this war, and I am closing my eyes to a good many things. Yet we, of course, have to have discipline.”

The discipline in the American army is more like that in the Australian and Canadian armies than in the English. There is a certain freedom and understanding which



At Home and Happy Out There



It's Not All Drill, Drill, Drill Over There

“WITH THE YANKEES”

seems to exist between the Colonial officers and their men, far more marked than with the English officers.

In this connection one of the most essential things in the training of men is that everlasting drill, drill, drill, day after day, and day after day, not merely so that one man can have the ascendancy over the other men, but because when they go into the line and over the top the life of every single man hangs in the hands of his officer.

The Australians and the Canadians, by bitter experience, have learned that discipline is one of the fundamental laws of soldiery. For example, if the men are ordered to go “over the top” and take a certain objective, they must take that point, go that far and no farther—no matter how easy it may seem to go on. If they do go on, they are likely to go under the fire from their own guns. Hence, absolute discipline is the only rule that can possibly work in war.

Taking the Young Men’s Christian Association at its word, that it wanted to serve the soldier from the time he left home until

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he went to the front line trench, and finally back to his home, if God granted that he should come back, General Pershing turned over to the Y. M. C. A. the responsibility for the amusement and recreation of the troops by means of its usual program of social, educational, physical and religious activities.

In addition to this, General Pershing has committed to the Association the conducting and administrating of the canteen in all the camps in France in order that officers and enlisted men may not be taken away for that purpose from their permanent military functions of training and fighting.

That is American efficiency.

The day before I left France I called at the American headquarters to tell General Pershing of the coming thirty-five-million-dollar campaign which was to be waged in the States for the Y. M. C. A. war work. He went over the matter very carefully, speaking in very high praise of the work. The next day he sent off the following message to the General Secretary of the American Association in France, Mr. Carter, with

“WITH THE YANKEES”

instructions to forward it to Dr. Mott, the General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A.:

SIGNAL CORPS—UNITED STATES ARMY

TELEGRAM

“Headquarters American Expeditionary Forces—France.

September twenty-sixth.

The work now being done by the Y. M. C. A. for the comfort and entertainment of our soldiers in France is very important. As an organization its moral influence is highly beneficial. It performs a real service that makes for contentment. The Y. M. C. A. has won its place by unselfish personal devotion to the soldier’s welfare and deserves staunch support by our people at home.

PERSHING.”

When we recall the work of the British Y. M. C. A. at the front and down the path of the walking wounded, we begin to realize the far-reaching importance of the following, which is quoted from the order handing over the canteens to the Y. M. C. A.:

“The establishment of these exchanges should not be limited to the areas more remote from active operation, but it is par-

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ticularly desirable that they should be pushed as far to the front as military operations will permit, in order that such comforts and conveniences as they afford, may reach the soldiers in the more advanced positions where they are most needed."

All profits which the Association is making from the canteens it expends for the benefit and amusement of the soldiers, as its principal object is to administer to their needs.

In a sentence, the Y. M. C. A. is the soldier's best friend. It furnishes him a home-like place, free from military discipline. It takes the home into the camp. It "keeps the home fires burning."

CHAPTER XII

“ANSWERING THE CALL”

Germany with her ruthless submarine policy forced the United States into the war, realizing that this country was as unprepared for war as any country could be. The United States had always been a peace-loving nation, and, contrary to the policy of the great European nations, we had no program of compulsory military training. The standing army was a mere handful, scattered over all parts of the nation.

The United States had gone on the Monroe Doctrine, believing that it would not be necessary for America to enter European politics. However, from the very day that Germany invaded Belgium, America was inevitably being drawn into the arena. When, in February, 1915, the *Lusitania* went down, the handwriting appeared on the wall.

But Germany, in drawing the United

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States into the war, overlooked the fact that she was drawing in the nation that could in time produce more money, more men and more munitions than any other country in the world. As ex-President Taft has said, the country was well prepared in one respect, "in the manufacture of munitions. The war situation and the desire for gain on our part has brought about a state of affairs which puts us far ahead of France and England in this respect." Mr. Taft was referring to the large number of munition plants, such as the Du Pont, the Bethlehem Steel, and others, who through supplying the Allies have grown into tremendous munition producing plants.

Without question Germany had reckoned upon the large number of German Americans being able to hold back the war preparations in the States. To her way of thinking she had laid her plans well in the damnable spy system and schemes which Bernstorff had so minutely planned before the break came.

The Imperial German Government was counting on the German Americans making

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trouble in such a serious manner that America would have her hands full on the inside. Likewise in the schemes that had been laid out to blow up munitions plants, railroad bridges and steamers, she expected to so cripple America that, as a fighting factor, she would practically not count.

The answer that America has given to Germany is one of the most remarkable that any nation has given to another country at war.

In April, when we entered the war, the universal talk was—it would be only a matter of moral influence—that no troops would need to be sent overseas—and if troops were sent over, it would only be for the effect it would have upon our Allies.

In one year see what a change! Congress passed the conscription bill which made available for military service ten millions of men. An army of a million and a half of men has been raised. Great camps, from two to eleven thousand acres in extent, have been established. Cities housing forty thousand men have sprung up where soldiers are being

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trained—not for any moral effect, but for service on the Western front. Instead of sending to France an army of one hundred thousand, we are told that already at least five hundred thousand men are in line “over there.”

With a determined hand the American people have come forward to pay the financial price it takes to win the war. The first great Liberty Loan of two billions was oversubscribed; the second Liberty Loan of three billions was also oversubscribed. America said in substance to her Allies, we are preparing, if needs be, to finance the war from now on.

In addition to the Liberty Loan campaigns, the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, came forward for money to minister to those who are suffering and in need, and to care for the welfare of the soldiers. In every instance the amount they asked for was oversubscribed.

As to the German Americans, there has been very little trouble. After personally going from coast to coast and speaking in

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some of the most so-called pro-German cities in America, I have come to believe firmly that among the most loyal citizens will be found large numbers of the so-called pro-Germans. Before America entered the war it was natural that many of those of German birth found it hard to believe the stories that came regarding Germany's way of conducting the war. The German propaganda was so cleverly carried on in America that the stories of the terrible atrocities and the frightful manner in which Germany was carrying on war were constantly being discredited.

When America entered the war it was an entirely different issue. It was then Germany or America; no longer a question of pro-German, pro-French, or pro-British, but a question of Americans for America.

In one city in America which I visited the proportion of German citizens is larger than any other foreign nationality, and despite it all I visited no city where the response and spirit of patriotism was more manifest.

Since America is made up of such large numbers of citizens of foreign birth, it is

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right that no man's loyalty be questioned without good cause.

At the same time, after having gone up and down the Western front, and realizing that a spy within our own doors is more dangerous than a spy on the Western front, I have come back from the last trip to France with the firm conviction that any man or woman proving himself or herself disloyal or a traitor should be dealt with in the same manner as the war policy on that front would demand.

Uppermost in the minds of all must stand the point that we must win the war, and win it in a decisive way. The Western line must be broken and the Prussian Military party so humiliated that it will be discounted in Germany to such an extent that it no longer will have the upper hand in German politics.

After having been in a state of war for one year with Germany, it is natural that there should be critics of the administration who feel that America has done very little. But, considering the state of affairs that America was in when we entered the conflict,

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the preparations she has made and the things accomplished during that one year have been remarkable.

It is unnecessary to speak of the wonderful work of the nurses and the doctors who minister to those who are sick and wounded at the front.

Far removed as we are from the seat of the war, it is quite natural that we should overlook the suffering and need among the non-combatants, which is purely a by-product of the war. In many cases it actually becomes greater than the needs at the front. The actual war machine has driven from their homes literally millions of helpless women and children. All Belgium has come to feel the wheels of the German machine. In Poland, Servia, Northern France, and many of the other invaded districts it has made homeless and helpless literally millions of people. The Armenians are vanishing by the thousands—truly the whole nation is in danger of being wiped out because of the war.

While in Egypt in 1916 I visited one of the great Armenian refugee camps. Those

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refugees who escaped from the mountains of Lebanon and got to the sea, after thousands of them had been slain on the wayside, were picked up by a French cruiser and carried to Port Said. In all this camp I do not believe there was a single family which had been left intact.

Long before America entered the war the generous-hearted American citizens had heard the appeal and had helped to minister to the suffering in Belgium, although in a far too meagre way—Armenian relief, Polish relief, Servian relief, relief to the needy in France, but all on a very small and inadequate scale. It was practically only a drop in the bucket. But no sooner had America entered the war than the humanitarian call was answered, and answered in a tremendous way.

Mr. Henry P. Davison was called to the head of the Red Cross. He is one of America's keenest and best business men. No longer was the plan to spend hundreds or thousands in relief, but millions. The Red Cross laid out a program which should not only touch one phase of the suffering, but

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should be comprehensive and universal. The program of activities has been so tremendously far sweeping and important that it can only be barely mentioned.

Plans were made to move the little helpless children from Belgium to neutral countries and Allied territory by the hundreds and thousands. It was not enough that they should give mere temporary relief to the helpless women and little children of France, but in conjunction with that marvelous work which has been carried on by England and America, a program was mapped out to help reconstruct the invaded villages. A mere statement of this fact seems cold when one has seen what such a work will mean. Whole villages which have been laid absolutely level to the ground are to be rebuilt and refurnished, so that those who are left can go back into what were once their cheerful and pleasant little villages.

In conjunction with the Rockefeller Foundation they are also helping to solve the great tubercular problem of France.

They sent commissions to Russia, Servia,

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Italy and other of the suffering countries in order that they might have first-hand information, so that in a great, masterly fashion they would be able to minister not to one phase of the great needy, suffering fields, but that all parts of the great war zone might be helped, and, as far as possible, rebuilt.

Every one is familiar with the work that the Red Cross has done in conjunction with the actual armies in its ministering to the wounded. But undoubtedly the finest piece of work being done by them is for those who come under what I call "the by-product of war."

Inasmuch as it has been my privilege to have seen so much of the war, I have come to realize that the work being carried on by the Red Cross at the present time will be only a fraction of the work that it will need to do after peace has been declared.

Not only will America help to bring the war to a successful finish, but we will learn as a nation to sacrifice and give in such a way that, when the war ends, every man, woman and child of our great nation will

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feel the responsibility of helping to build up and reconstruct devastated Europe.

At the present time it is the exceptional American home that will not have received a letter written by some boy who is in an army camp here or over in France. Almost without exception those letters bear the stamp of the Red Triangle. This triangle has come to be recognized by all as the sign of the one homelike place in every American camp.

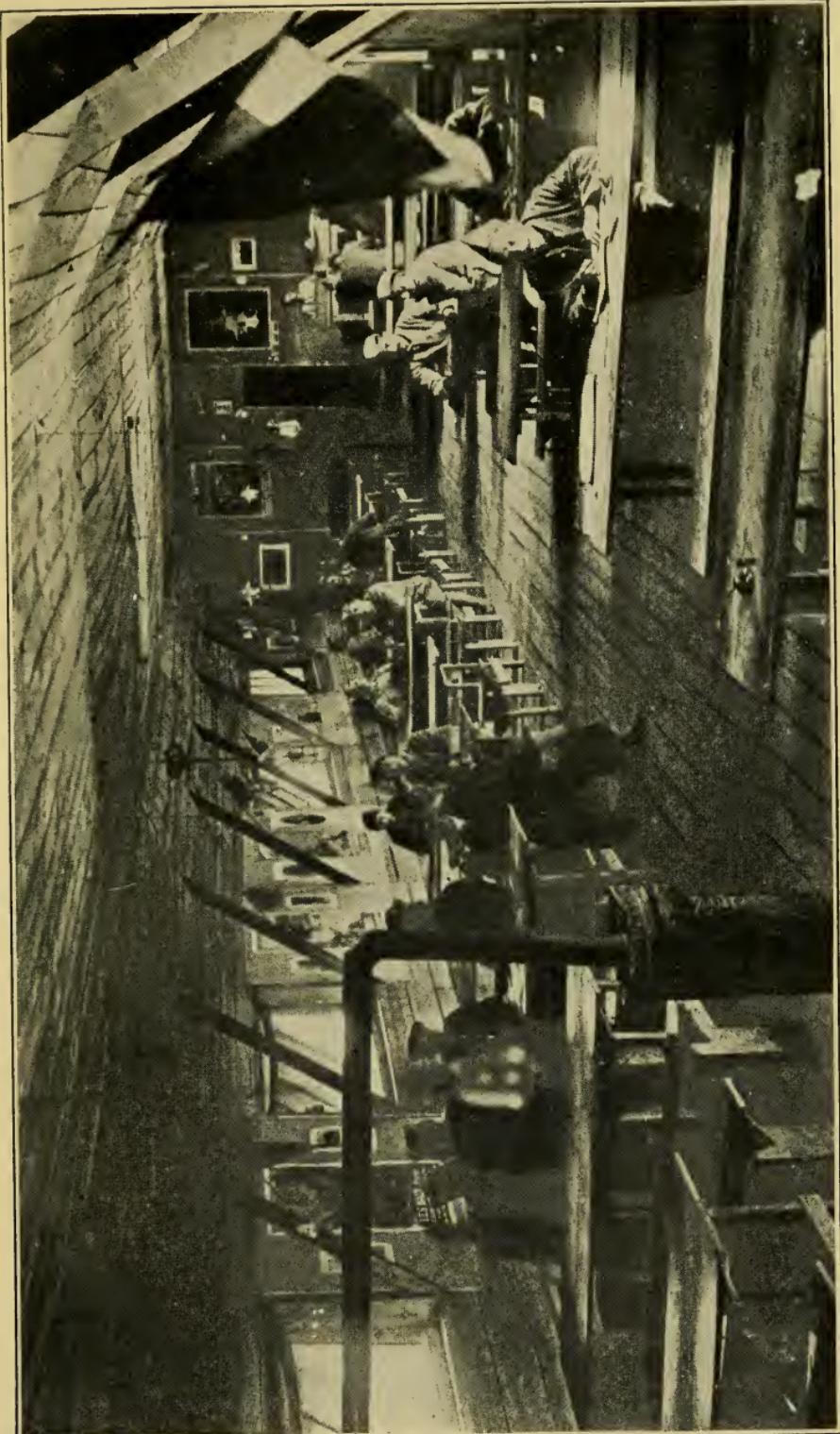
We do well to remember that all of our Allies have not been so fortunate. Great Britain at the very beginning of the war realized what the Y. M. C. A. would mean to her armies. In the British army today the red triangle is as much a part of the fighting machine as any other part of the service.

Russia, Italy and France have not had such an organization. After weeks and months in the trenches there was no place for the Russian, Italian and French soldiers to go for a few hours of relaxation, nowhere to go to write their home letters, no place to go where they could be cheered up.

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The General French Staff recognized this need and called upon the Y. M. C. A. to establish its work with the French army. The work had been tried out on a small scale in many of the French camps before America entered the war. The International Committee of the Y. M. C. A. had supplied money for a number of places to be opened to the French army. It was my privilege to visit several of these centers which had been established before America entered the war. One was in a great munition plant where seventeen thousand men were laboring, all of them soldiers past forty years of age—working twelve hours a day, and on Sunday, eighteen hours on the shift, one day a month rest, receiving a wage of five cents per day. The building which had been established was being crowded and jammed and packed every single minute that the men were off duty.

Another of the buildings was in a great military camp where thousands of boys who belonged to the youngest class which had been called to the colors had been encamped.



Eover dli Soldat

“ANSWERING THE CALL”

The old General who was in charge of the camp informed me that after the Y. M. C. A. had been established the vice in his camp had decreased ninety-five per cent, and that it was impossible for him to express the appreciation with which his men had received it.

This work had been administered and carried forward under the remarkable leadership of the General Secretary of the Foyer-du-Soldats Y. M. C. A., Mr. Emanuel Sautter himself a Frenchman.

Dr. John R. Mott, head of the American Y. M. C. A., had been back of the preliminary work with the French army. Consequently, when America entered the war, the French army had come to realize what this work meant to the men.

General Pétain asked the American Association to coöperate and take over, under the direction of Mr. Sautter, thirteen hundred buildings, dugouts and cellars which should be erected and equipped for the army, but directed by the Y. M. C. A. This invitation was accepted, and today the American Y. M. C. A., under the direction of the War Work

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Council of America and the able leadership of Mr. Sautter, is being established with the whole French army.

General Pershing cabled to America:

"The greatest service America can immediately render France is to extend Association work to the entire French army."

In addition to the call for help which came from the French army, came the call from Italy, and the Italian Government invited a commission to visit Italy and the front in order to see the need for the work of the Y. M. C. A. with the Italian army. This commission was made up of delegates from the American Association and delegates from the British Association. Plans were laid immediately to start the work in Italy.

When the American commission which had been sent to Russia returned to America, they came bearing a call from Russia for Y. M. C. A. work in the Russian army. Possibly no army in all the war zone has needed such help more than the Russian army. Who can say what it might have meant had this work in Russia been established two years ago.

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It might have meant the saving of Russia to the Allied cause.

The following letter from Major-General H. L. Scott to Dr. John R. Mott clearly states the situation in Russia:

“I hope you will push the plan of spreading the work of the Young Men’s Christian Association throughout the Russian army. Get the facts before the President. This is a matter in which our Government should co-operate at once. It will also appeal strongly to men and women of means in America.

“For years I have been intimately acquainted with the good, practical work done by the Young Men’s Christian Association in the American Army and Navy. I have seen its helpful activities in the Philippines, in Cuba, on our Mexican Border, and elsewhere. We could not have done without it. It has been managed in such a broad-minded and wise way that it has been well received by officers and enlisted men whose views on other questions have differed materially. I have just seen much of the Russian Army on the German, Austrian and Roumanian

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fronts, and also in many garrison towns of Russia and Siberia, and am convinced that the Association work should be immediately organized in this great army in order to ensure the contentment and efficiency of the men, to raise their morale, and to help counteract the intriguing propaganda which is doing so much to unsettle them.

“The Roumanian situation must not be forgotten. It is of tremendous importance. I hear good reports about your work in the French Army. I am not surprised that General Pershing wishes to have it rapidly extended.

“I need not emphasize the importance of your choosing the best qualified men to take charge of this work in the armies of our Allies. They could render no greater service to our country and our cause, even from a military point of view, than to help build up and save the power of these millions of men on whom the great strain comes. Such a work requires the best men you can find.”

The head of all of the Y. M. C. A. work in France is Mr. Edward C. Carter, who,

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with remarkable foresight and wisdom, has been directing the work in the war zone. The beginning of the war found him in India, and under his direction thirteen Y. M. C. A. Secretaries left that country with the first Indian troops that sailed for France, there to carry on the work with the Indian army.

In all the war zone there is no man who has so wholeheartedly and in a remarkable way done his bit to win the war as Mr. Carter has. The hundreds and thousands of workers under his direction in the war zone have become a great machine which in no small way will have a tremendous effect in helping to bring the war to ultimate victory.

In 1916 I was in a great Indian base camp in France. All of the Indian soldiers were of Hindoo, Mohammedan, or some other non-Christian faith, but they had caught the spirit of the Y. M. C. A. One morning there was found on the door of one of our huts in the base camp at Marseilles an Urdu poem, written by a Sepoy. The following is an extract from a translation of the same:

“Oh God, do good to him who has founded this

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Association ; may it remain established in the world forever.

“Every moment those who are in charge give to any of us who need them paper and envelopes . . . pen and ink. For those who are ignorant or illiterate and cannot write themselves, they write letters ; and this they do without cost.

“Lo ! on the ground the Sepoy sits around as they listen to the music of the gramophone.

“They provide us with the much-needed soap and razor, and brush, and machine with which they cut our hair and clip our beards.

“In the morning they all join with us in football and hockey, and at night they show us moving pictures.

“The secretaries of this Association are fully sympathetic, because they consider everyone as their brothers.

“How can I tell of our praise and admiration for this Association ! . . .

“And this, too, is the prayer of Maula for this Association, that it may ever abide under God’s protection.”

CHAPTER XIII

“HOMESICK? YES”

The Quay throbbed with cheerful-faced American sailor lads.

They were streaming to the dock from their little boats. All of them were happy and smiling, for it was evening and they were coming on shore leave. We crowded through them and found the motor boat that was to take us over to the fleet in the bay.

As we went out through the bay we found the waves rolling quite high.

Had not those two sailors managed to take some of the waves side on, which soaked our new uniforms, we might have doubted they were true Yankee lads, always keen on a joke or a bit of fun.

They were a part of what I like to refer to as the vanguard of American patriots. They belonged to the Mosquito Fleet.

I recall how the day the enlistments were opened up in the Mosquito Fleet scores of

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men from Cornell, where I make my home, rushed in to volunteer, as did hundreds from other colleges. All of them rushed in believing that the Mosquito Fleet would be the first to see active service. A more truly democratic group of men was never gathered together. Here they were college athletes, sons of millionaires, successful young business men, adventurers and paupers, types of every description and kind, but all of them true patriots. For all of them had rushed in believing that our navy would be the only part of our military machine to see service in the great war.

As I came on deck, standing at the head of the stairs was a clean-cut, alert, splendid looking sailor standing at attention. Upon our request he quickly stepped into the Captain's room to inform him that his guests had arrived for mess. As the lad came out of the cabin and passed me, he inquired if this was Mr. Whitehair of Cornell.

On being answered in the affirmative he said:

“Please ask him if he knows my father.”

“HOMESICK? YES”

Know him? He was the last man I had tried to call on the telephone to say goodbye to before I left for the War Zone. At once, his officer sent for him in order that he might accompany us as we went over the ship.

Here was an example of true democracy, for not only did he go on the tour of inspection with us, but his officer asked him to explain everything to us. As we followed our young University friend over the ship, we realized that he represented the type that will help to bring this war to only one conclusion —complete victory. He was as intent in mastering every detail of the ship as he had ever been to work out his University problems.

After mess, as I sat on his bunk talking over the battles that these lads were facing, thousands of miles from home, I truly realized that the Y. M. C. A. had come to be the great watchful, loving, forgiving mother. It has gone in to help and guide the lads aright instead of criticizing.

For, after all, the greatest battle of all is probably the moral battle. As we stood on deck and I said goodbye to my friend I asked

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him what was the word he wanted me to take back to America. Looking me squarely in the eye and thinking of course of that little wife back in America, he replied without a moment's hesitation:

“Tell them I should like to come home, but I am not coming until the show is over.”

Homesick? Of course he is. But he is absolutely determined to see the thing through to a finish. And all down through the American camps I found that same spirit, “not coming home until the show is over.”

One afternoon as I entered a Y. M. C. A. tent down in the camps of the Americans, I found a whole crowd packed and jammed around the canteen counter, eagerly waiting, not for their turn to buy a package of Bull Durham or some chocolate, but eager to catch every word that was falling from the lips of that fine wholesome American woman back of the counter. What she was saying mattered little to them, save that here was a woman who had come thousands of miles overseas to serve and help them.

Certainly she of all women ought to know

“HOMESICK? YES”

soldiers, for it was no other than Mrs. Arthur Gleason, the wife of the American journalist.

She and her husband served for over a year in Flanders under the German guns. They belong to that small group of Americans who had not waited for their country to come into the war but had heard the call of a suffering needy people and responded to it. They went into Belgium and were captured by the Germans as they came on toward Paris. They were released. Undaunted they stayed on, ministering to the wounded, helping to care for the suffering little children in spite of dangers and without thought of themselves.

Mrs. Gleason was decorated by the King of Belgium for her bravery and service to the people of Belgium. As we stood in the American camp, she spoke of these great big whole-hearted American boys. As she put it:

“I never knew men could get so homesick as these men seem to get.

“They are always wanting to talk with you about home, talk with you about their sweethearts, showing you their letters, bringing in their pictures to exhibit, always anxious for a

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word of comfort and cheer, and a bit of sympathy such as only a woman can give."

Undoubtedly one of the most unique pieces of service being rendered in France by the Y. M. C. A. is the service which is being rendered by these fine clean, wholesome American women who are going over at their own expense, under the direction of the Y. M. C. A. to work among the American boys.

What are they doing? Up at 5.30 or 6 in the morning, washing dishes, serving coffee, tea, looking after the canteen, and in every possible way doing all they can to help the boys in the camps. Many times standing all day long, wading through mud and water, living in all sorts of houses, without fire in the house, and without the comfort of a bath.

Britain has sent hundreds of her finest women to France to serve in the British camps. I remember hearing the story told of one boy who had been in the trenches for weeks and had come out with his regiment. They were all crowding into the Y. M. C. A. to get a cup of tea. There were so many of them it was impossible to serve more than one

“HOMESICK? YES”

cup to each boy. But one lad after getting his cup of tea kept hanging around the counter as if waiting for something else. At last one of the ladies noticing him said:

“You know, my boy, we can only give you one cup of tea.”

“I know that, but I don’t want your tea.”

“Well, what is it you want?”

“Oh, I just want to hear your voice.”

After weeks and days in the trenches, the kind sympathetic voice of a woman meant more to the lad than anything else that could be given to him.

I think possibly the biggest surprise I had on first going to the war was the constant calling for a certain song when I asked them “What shall we sing tonight?” I have heard it come ringing back to me from the great army camps in the desert, from the camps all along the canal, in the great training camps in England and Scotland, up and down the Western front; I have heard it with the Yankees down in France, I have heard it in the officers’ reserve camps in America, from young University men who three months be-

fore would have laughed if any one had called for it.

“WHAT SHALL WE SING?”

“Where is my Wandering Boy tonight.”

And nobody laughs.

Homesick? Of course, they are homesick.

I have never heard a single soldier call for “Home, Sweet Home.” That would be one too many.

The women Y. M. C. A. workers are called upon to do all sorts of work. In Cairo I found one of the ladies who was helping to get the men into touch with their homes as many of them were failing to get their letters. She told me of the following touching incident:

“A man, one of the Shrouvra Guard, called for letters. He stated that for seven months he had not received a letter from his wife and felt that he would go out of his mind if he did not hear soon. I wrote to the Military Base Post Office, Alexandria, and to the ‘Sick and Wounded Post Office’ and asked them to post all the letters they had or would receive to him at this address. Some five weeks later

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he and five mates called for letters. I handed him a large bundle of letters from his wife, he burst into tears and kissed the envelopes again and again. A week later he returned and insisted on my taking a 10 piastre piece, saying 'I am not a wealthy man, Sister, and have the wife and kids at home, but I must give something, I am so grateful.'" Since then he has received over a hundred letters, and in his last mail received three letters direct from Australia.

The one appeal that is helping to keep men clean and pure is the appeal to be true to the home folks. Many of the women who have gone into the camps to serve the boys are wealthy women who have never before thought of comforts of other people, but have lived a selfish life. But out in France today they are truly catching a new vision of the democracy of tomorrow.

In the French city where the Mosquito Fleet was making its base, it was found there was no desirable place for the American sailors to eat when on leave. The American Y. M. C. A. had no intention of going into

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the restaurant business, but it had coveted, with the American public, the privilege of following and helping take care of the American soldiers.

It was quite evident that a restaurant must be started. A large place was rented and the money to start the restaurant was furnished by a well known American woman who was living there at the time. After everything was ready, it was found there was no one to run the restaurant. However, it was opened the first night with a splendid group of American women waiting on tables, one of whom afterwards said that the first night she had the privilege of waiting on a lad who had been a table steward on her husband's yacht less than a year before.

The lads have gone forward with aching hearts and smiling lips. They constantly seem to keep in mind that all of the heroes are not at the battle front, but that the brave heroic mothers, wives and sweethearts who have sent them forth are truly carrying their share of the great world conflict.

CHAPTER XIV

“KEEPING THE HOME FIRES BURNING”

No army has ever taken the field more carefully guarded and protected from a moral standpoint than the present American Army. No army has ever gone into the field with more comforts and touches of home. The Committee on Public Information in their bulletin number 19 stated:

“The need for this is great indeed. Statistics of the first years of the war are said to show that in one of the highest grade Colonial Armies which suffered most under fire, the dead and wounded numbered fewer than 8 per cent., while disability from avoidable disease rose to 20 per cent.”

Our country at the very outset of our entry into the war faced the facts. Our Secretary of War appointed a Commission on Training Camp Activities. Realizing that vice may become the enemy’s best ally, they at once faced that issue. For as our honored ex-Pres-

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ident, William H. Taft, has so well stated:

"If you mass thousands of men together, take them away from home influences, and put them into a camp where they have hours of leisure, it is certain that vice will be mobilized in the vicinity of that camp. It is to be expected that unless there is something to help them, the boys will take the downward path. An examination shows that one of the most deteriorating effects upon an army and its fighting capacity results from this mobilization of the underworld in the neighborhood of these camps. The Y. M. C. A. is an antidote for that poison."

The Y. M. C. A. was called upon by the Commission to help solve this problem.

It has in a remarkable way answered the call.

Into the camps, great and small, the Y. M. C. A. has gone, not to criticize the lad who has a tendency to forget home and home influences, but rather to make the Hut in the camp so cheerful and homelike that the boy will have no desire, when off duty, to go into the village or city for relaxation and amusement.

I recall going into an Australian Depot Camp in France, which was near a large city that had a “state regulated” section of houses of prostitution with guards at either end of those streets, not to prevent soldiers from entering but to keep order and prevent them from entering only at stated hours.

In the large Military Camp I found two enormous Y. M. C. A. plants. Each had a large Canteen Hut, a big Cinema Hall, a Concert Hall, Writing Rooms, and quiet rooms for meditation, Bible study and prayer. For men appreciate tremendously a quiet room where they can sit down for a little while away from the din of war. In the buildings were nineteen pool and billiard tables; pianos, and many other smaller and more simple attractions.

I arrived in the camp at five thirty on an ordinary afternoon. The canteens and writing rooms were packed with men. Both concert and cinema halls were jammed with happy-faced boys. Between the two plants was a large natural amphitheatre in the center of which was a big boxing platform. Around

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the ring were packed three thousand men watching a sparring match. Judging from the way those chaps were slugging, it is a misnomer to call it a sparring match.

More than six thousand men were being entertained and kept busy by the Y. M. C. A. In the city, outside those houses of shame, the streets were empty.

The "big-hearted Camp Mother," the Y. M. C. A., was at work "Keeping the Home Ties Firm." The religion of a clean, wholesome life had entered the camp.

Refereeing the boxing match that afternoon was a preacher.

One afternoon in one of the American Base Camps I was asked to be present at the funeral of the first American sailor lad to lay down his life for his country overseas since our entry into the war. Arriving at the hospital before the hour set for the funeral I went into the ward to visit the boys who were in the hospital. Entering the ward, my eyes rested on two splendid looking lads who were in adjoining cots. As I started along the ward both of them quietly slipped out their Testa-

"THE HOME FIRES"

ments from under their pillows and laid them on the stand beside them. Poor lads, both of them were so keen on leaving a good impression on the Y. M. C. A. Secretary.

I sat down between them, both less than eighteen years of age, both from one of the finest preparatory schools in America. As they started to tell me their troubles, it came to my mind that both of these poor unfortunate boys were there with the mark of sin upon them. The most dreaded of all diseases of vice had them in its clutches. They told me how, the first night on shore leave, with their minds dulled by wine they had gone into a certain house through curiosity.

Here was the answer.

When they went back to their ship they had failed to report for prophylaxis, and the coming days revealed that their first misstep had cost them a lifetime of regrets.

As I sat beside them—did I criticize? No. They needed compassion and pity and encouragement more than any other thing in the world. After a half hour of trying to cheer them up, I went out under the trees to stand

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beside the coffin of the boy who had given his life for home and country. Standing beside his coffin, we sang:

'I need Thy presence every passing hour;

Who, but Thy grace, can foil the tempter's power?

Who, like Thyself, my Guide and Stay can be?

Through cloud and sunshine, Lord,
Abide with me!

I somehow felt that he had been more fortunate than the poor erring lads inside the hospital. He had gone with his record clean and white.

Thank God the above cases are small when we consider the millions of men who have been rooted up out of their homes and familiar environment, and sent thousands of miles away into a strange land.

In the large cities lie the greatest pitfalls to boys who are on leave. Frankly facing this fact, the American General Staff has called upon the Y. M. C. A. to provide for them.

A string of hôtels has been opened in Paris and the other large cities. When a soldier reaches the city, a Y. M. C. A. motor car

"THE HOME FIRES"

meets him at the station and takes him to a delightful Y. M. C. A. hotel. It is being run by American women.

In Paris in a hotel for the Officers the entire dining room service is handled by Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. Associated with her, ten other splendid American women act as waitresses and hostesses. The cigar and news-stand is being run by a daughter of the late Grover Cleveland.

All of these women workers are serving without compensation, as are the women workers in the canteens.

A cheerful homelike hotel helps to keep the boy away from the moral pitfalls. It gives him a breath of home and sends him back happy and fit to his regiment a better man for his leave.

Not only have arrangements been made in the city, but E. C. Carter, the Head American Secretary overseas, has with great wisdom and foresight secured hotels in the French Alps where the soldiers can come when on leave. There they will enjoy winter or summer sports away from the great cities.

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Before American troops had ever landed in Europe Mr. Carter had secured in London a Y. M. C. A. hut formerly used for British troops, so that when they landed in Britain they found waiting for them one of the finest Y. M. C. A. buildings in all the war zone. The building provides five hundred beds, a great concert hall, four large fireplaces, billiard and pool tables, and a large American restaurant which can serve one thousand boys at a meal. Last, but not least, it has an American soda fountain, one of the first to be installed in London.

Running this enormous plant is a staff of almost four hundred volunteer women workers.

Not only this, but motor cars are constantly being run during the day taking around parties of sight-seeing soldiers. At night a staff of cars goes all over the city picking up soldier boys who are wandering about the streets, or have forgotten themselves for a little while and are in a condition where they need a friend.

Down in the camps where the American soldiers are billeted are to be found the little

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wine shops, but, fortunately we find few American boys in them. Those who are off duty are in and around the Y. M. C. A. having a good time or writing home letters.

In most cases when the British troops go on leave they can cross to England and be at home, or among friends or relatives. The American has no such luck. He is thousands of miles from home. He can go only to the great cities or some other place among strangers.

But our concern in America need not be so great, as we think of our lonely sons going on leave toward the great cities where always lurks temptation. We need to thank God and stop our worrying, for Dr. Henry Van Dyke has so well told the story in the following lines:

THE Y. M. C. A. HUTS

In the camps around our country and in countries
far away

There's a lot of wooden houses that are marked
Y. M. C. A.

And some are painted yellow and some are brown
and green,

Now, say, who owns these houses and what do the
letters mean?

OUT THERE

They mean a bit of comfort and they mean a place
to rest,

Where every tired soldier boy is welcome as a
guest.

They mean a bit o' friendly talk, some music, and
some jokes,

And some quiet little corners for writing to our
folks.

They mean a bit of human love amid the storm of
war,

They mean the word of healing for spirits wounded
sore,

They mean a simple message from God's own holy
word,

And they mean the thought of the home-land
when the sweet old hymns are heard.

You ask who owns these houses? I think you know
His name,

You call Him Savior, Master, Lord, the meanin's
just the same.

'Tis the One who gave Himself for us, the Leader of
our Life,

We pray He'll lead and keep our boys, in peril
and in strife.

O keep them strong and steady and keep them clean
and true!

Help them to battle for the right and put the vic-
tory through!

“THE HOME FIRES”

Be Thou their shield and buckler ; but if one is struck down,

O, Captain of salvation, give him the heavenly crown !

Yes, there is the big warm-hearted Y. M. C. A. worker reaching out to grasp the hand of your boy and keep him straight and steady —doing for him what you yourself would like to do. In the biggest sense of the words:

“Keeping the **HOME** Fires Burning” in his heart.

CHAPTER XV

“EGYPTIAN NIGHTS”

Away in the distance, rising out of a sea of burning sand, are the barren, angry looking hills. Evening shadows steal over those barren hills and forsaken sands, as if half afraid to drive away the relentless rays of the desert day.

It is the outpost of the Empire. As the darkness deepens, we stand in the midst of the outpost camp. Quietly the defenders of the Empire that had come across ten thousand miles of land and sea gather around us.

When they had seated themselves on the sand, I stood among them telling the old story of the Christ who lived on these desert sands, who lived and died that men might have a more abundant life. They caught the story; for had they not come from far distant Australia to give their lives, if need be, for the more abundant life of those whom they held dear?

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They were living in a temperature of 120 degrees to 130 degrees in the shade; and there was no shade. But that was not the greatest hardship. Each man was allowed only one gallon of water a day for cooking, drinking and washing. They are always thirsty, always hot, always cheerful.

After I had talked to them for some time we ended our meeting singing:

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens, Lord with me abide.

As the men went off quietly, in the appalling silence of the desert night to their bunks, one chap came up to talk. He expressed truly the spirit of the man in the desert camp.

“Yes, it is a great life, Mister. We get hot and we get thirsty. Our shoes get full of sand and we get jolly well fed up with it all. But there is one good thing. When you get ready to go to bed, all you got to do is just quit smiling.

“Has anybody told you about the men that got lost a few weeks ago? Ten men were on patrol (camel patrol) five days into the desert, the stars by night to guide them, and the

OUT THERE

compass and sun by day. Out on the barren, trackless desert, they got lost looking for the enemy. Their camels went footsore, and only two of the men were able to go on. These two volunteered to try and go through to camp and bring relief. They thought they could find the way, and after miles of wandering and hours of agony they arrived in camp.

“Their tongues were swollen out of their mouths. One of the camels fell dead as he staggered into camp and one of the men died a few hours after he got in. The other man could not speak; he could only point to the desert. They knew what he meant.

“They followed the foot tracks of the camels across the sand. Fortunately no sand storms had come up, no wind had been blowing. They found the other eight men and brought them in. Only two or three of them recovered, for some of them it was insanity and some of them death.”

Later on that night the commanding Captain, who since has been mentioned in dispatches, lay on the sand in his tent, his map

“EGYPTIAN NIGHTS”

spread out before him. He was telling me about the Senussi and their campaign. He said:

“By the way, that chap you were talking to, did he tell you about the men being lost in the desert?”

“Yes.”

“Did he tell you that he was the man that brought the message?”

“No, he left that part untold.”

Long into the night we lay on our blankets on the sand watching the dancing stars.

Think of these brown-faced heroes! They would laugh at you and tell you to stop kidding if you called them that!

The Captain had told us that in case of a surprise attack, part of his men would retire with their camels a short distance toward the base camp. The remainder would make their stand here.

“But what if the enemy comes in too large numbers?”

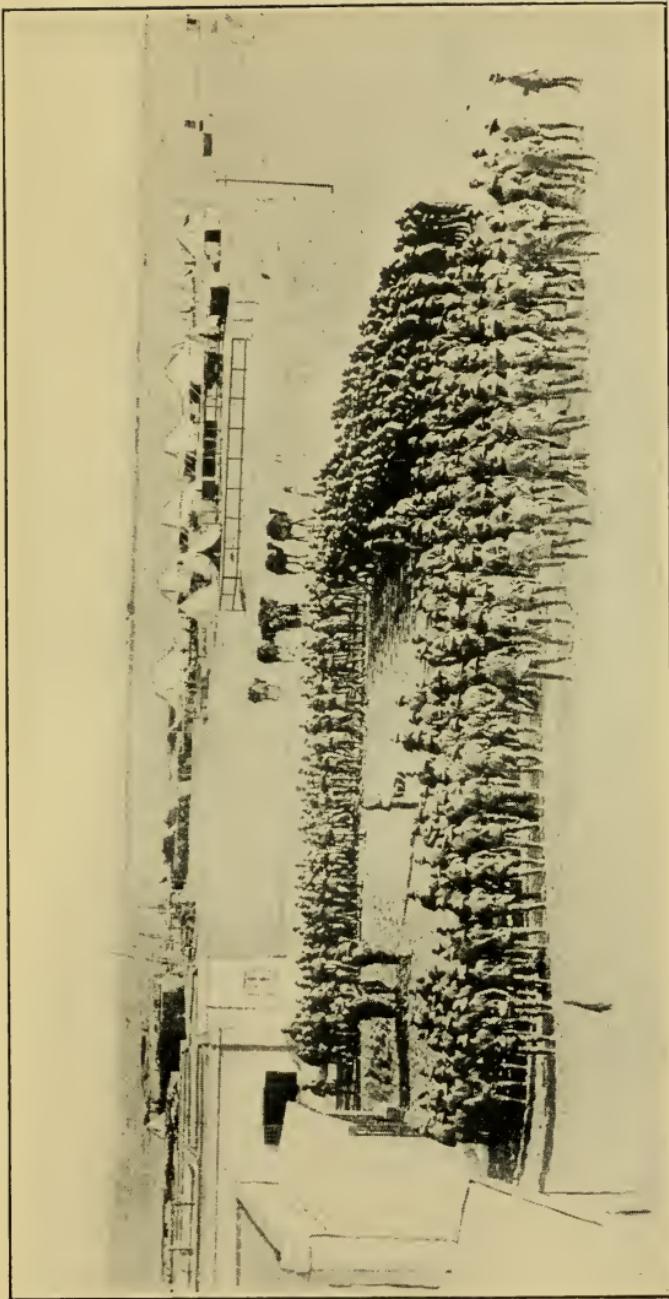
“Oh, that. Well, we will just stick it, and we could at least stop them long enough to give the base camp a chance to get ready.”

OUT THERE

No thought of surrender, no thought of retreat.

The morning light is breaking over the barren hills before we fall asleep in this far flung outpost of the Empire.

By train, we go from Cairo to Suez. There we join the Australian Secretary, William Owens, a blue-eyed Australian, vibrant with dauntless optimism and inexhaustible vitality, who is in charge of the work of the "Red Triangle" along the Canal and in the camps of Palestine. He had taken the "Red Triangle" on to the shell swept shores of Gallipoli, and has since carried it into Jerusalem. We go by motor boat down the shores of the Sinai Peninsula, out by a little railroad to Moses' Well. Speaking there at night, we then go by motor boat back past Suez, night after night, to the rail head camps to speak to the men, then on to the next camp. Out to the rail head we go, and then in the General's car to the front trenches, where we find a small Y. M. C. A. tent, "camouflaged" so as to hide it from "Johnny" Turk's plans. But it has all the comforts in the way of lime



Church Parade "Where There Ain't No Ten Commandments"

“EGYPTIAN NIGHTS”

juice, biscuits, tea, cigarettes and nicknacks for the dust-covered, parched troops.

Night after night we are speaking in crowded tents or overflowing huts, or mat sheds. The men fairly lift the roof with the old songs of the church, for nowhere have I heard men sing as soldiers sing on active duty. As we cease speaking and ask the men who want to take a stand for the Christian life to hold up their hands, one hundred and fifty or two hundred hands are shoved straight into the air, as these men take their stand for a cleaner and better life.

As we go through the camps during the day, and hear their conversation, we wonder if some of our padres back home would not think these the most Godless men in all the world. Swearing at their camels, for most of them are camel riders, swearing at their treatment, swearing at their luck, swearing at everything in sight, one would think these men would never listen to a religious address.

But as we tell the story of the Cross, these same lads, that same evening are leaning forward to once again hear the old story. As we

OUT THERE

ask them to make their decision for a Christian life, up go their hands and off they go into the night, determined in their hearts to be cleaner and purer men. Love, friendship, sacrifice are the subjects that seem to always grip.

In all the meetings where I have spoken to soldiers I only recall one man who was disrespectful or inattentive when I was speaking on a Christian theme.

It was in one of the camps on the far flung battle line that stretched out toward Jerusalem. The tent was crowded with the men who had gone through those awful days of Gallipoli. As I stood to start the meeting I called out "Men, what are we going to sing tonight?" Contrary to the usual answer, "Jesus Lover of My Soul," "Abide with Me," or some other hymn, there came back an entirely different reply, for there was one Australian down in front who was determined that we were not going to have any religious meeting. There was no doubt in his mind about it.

He stood about six feet four, and looked as

if he weighed about one hundred and twenty pounds, a human skeleton. As I said, “What are we going to sing?” he threw back his head and bellowed out: “Twinkle, twinkle, little star.”

We did not sing it, but we started the meeting. It was indeed an interesting meeting. He had the bigger hearing part of the time, and I had the bigger hearing the other part of the time. In the middle of my address, I told the following story, and as I told the story my long, lean, Australian friend forgot to talk.

The first year I left home to enter the War Zone, my wife, little daughter and little son went down to the boat to say goodbye to me. My little son as he looked me in the eye, said: “Dad, I am not going to cry.”

As I went to the boat he stood on the pier, biting his lips, watching the boat slowly leaving the dock, but he did not cry. Feeling that the strain had been too great on him, I told him as I was leaving the second year for Egypt:

“Now, Jay, if you have to cry today, do it

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and it is all right, but we will try to keep a stiff upper lip."

"All right, Dad, I will try."

We went down to the boat, and he bit his little lips until they turned purple, and he did not cry, though he came near to it. As the big liner backed out into the river and turned her nose down toward the great ocean, I filled my eyes with the last sight of those three loved ones standing on the dock waving their little blue flags as they faded out of sight.

There came this week a letter from a friend of mine who stood on the pier beside my little boy as the boat left. He said that as the boat got out into the river, my little son seemed to forget everybody on the pier. All he could think of was his dad, and that his dad was leaving him. As he looked at the ship, he threw out his hands and cried at the top of his voice:

"That ship cannot sink because my daddy said so."

My friend said there was not a dry eye around them. He believed in his dad, and his dad had said that that was an American ship

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and it was not going to sink and he believed him.

“Men, tonight that little son of mine thinks I am the biggest man in the world. He would not think of trading me for the President.

“Tonight on this desert, there is not a man who isn’t the biggest man in the world to somebody. Somebody loves you more than any other thing in all the world, and believes in you. Somebody thinks you are just the one fellow in all the world. Men, tonight I would rather the cables would carry back to that little son and daughter of mine and my wife, the news that my bones were baking under the Egyptian sun, or rotting in a Teutonic prison camp, than to have the news go to them that I have stood in that line of men in Alexandria or Cairo going as sheep to the slaughter, forgetting home, love and honor.

“You know what I mean. No, you would rather have them know you were dead than to have them know you had been untrue. For after all, it is not material things that count in this world. We have learned that. It is

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not the thrills of life that count. It is only the man that counts. It is character that counts, and you would not want that person to know that you had been untrue."

The men on the desert caught the story. My lean Australian friend's head went down on his chest. We just had one speaker after that.

At the close of the meeting, when I asked these men who wanted to swear to God that they would be true and clean, to stand up, my Australian friend was the first to stand. He came up afterwards, shoved out his bony hand and said:

"I want to shake hands with you. I stood in that line in Alexandria which you were talking about, less than a week ago. I have been a scoundrel, I have not played the game square. If you will pray for me, by God's help I will be true to my little wife and kiddies back in Australia."

I would rather have heard those words that night than any other words. "I am going to be true to the folks back home."

Hardship, sacrifice and death is the every-

“EGYPTIAN NIGHTS”

day life of the men who have gone forth to make the world “safe for democracy.” Not only must they face the enemy’s bullets, but the men who have gone down into the desert must face privation, heat, thirst and the lonely camp life, hundreds of miles from water and cooling shade.

Just before I arrived at the Lybian outpost, two aeroplanes were sent out on a scouting trip, miles and miles from camp. One of them broke down and the other came back to camp for help. It seems that the one that broke down must have finally been repaired, because when they went back with water and help it was gone. For days and days they hunted and finally found the machine where it had again broken down. The pilot had shot himself. The mechanic had died of thirst. The mechanic had left a note, telling of the pilot’s death. From what could be gathered it was evident that the pilot had taken his own life, thinking the mechanic, a mere lad, might live on the little water which was left until help came.

He gave his life that his friend might live.

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But help came too late. The mechanic had drunk all of the water and had even broken the compass and drunk the spirits in order to quench that mad-driving thirst. But the desert claimed him as its own.

The Red Triangle has come to mean service, service for soldiers whether at base camps, at the front or a lonely desert outpost.

In one of the desert camps it was near midnight when a lieutenant roused our secretary after a busy day, with the words: "Can you do anything for my men? Provisions are out and we've marched 20 miles since early afternoon." And shortly the 700 dust-covered, weary men whose tongues were well nigh hanging out were served hot cocoa and tea and lime juice and cake. They marched off again at 3 A. M. in new spirits. At 3.30 another officer broke in asking that something be done for his 70 men. In twenty minutes the secretary and his force were serving them. Night or day the work goes on.

At the close of a hot and scorching day, in the calm and quiet evening twilight, the following story of heroic sacrifice was told me

“EGYPTIAN NIGHTS”

by Roy Clark, an Australian Y. M. C. A. Secretary for oversea troops.

In the summer of 1916, many of the Australian troops that had been in Gallipoli, and were now in Egypt, were being moved to the Western front. Practically all of these men who had been through the hell of the Dardanelles were keen and anxious to go to the Western front, as most of them were under the impression that they would see very little service in Egypt. The men who were being moved to the Western front were counting themselves lucky, notwithstanding the fact that they knew exactly what they were going to face.

Two Australian divisions were leaving Egypt for France. A trooper in the Light Horse, whose soul was pulsating with patriotism and whose division was not going forward, smuggled himself aboard one of the transports.

In due course he was discovered, placed under guard and returned from France to his own division back in Egypt. When he arrived at his unit he was tried and court martialed.

OUT THERE

It was two days before a famous fight. On the day of the battle, the pressure became so tense and so crucial that every man was needed to fight. The trooper for a little while was left unguarded.

He was unarmed. But the trooper, who was not a coward, because it had been his very bravery that had gotten him into such serious difficulty, forgetting all but his love for country, immediately went to work without orders and, in defiance of his arrest, that day under fire brought in fifteen men.

At the close of the day his brave chest stopped a stray bullet, and he "went west."

His Colonel told the story at the hospital and said that he had been recommended for the D. C. M. He was asked:

"How about the court martial?"

The colonel naïvely replied: "The papers have been lost."

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

CHAPTER XVI

“WHERE THERE AIN’T NO TEN COMMANDMENTS”

Early in the war it became apparent that Egypt once more was to take her place on the World Stage. Egypt is the gateway to the Orient, through which Germany believed she might enter in her policy of alienating India from Britain. At the same time she would draw together the Moslem world in her damnable program of arraying the Mohammedan world against the Allies. Likewise the Suez Canal is the strategic artery of the British Empire, connecting India, Australia and New Zealand with the Mother Country.

Germany, through Turkey, began her campaign against the Canal. As far as battles go, the battles on the desert sands have been far overshadowed as we view the battles of the Western front. But from a military and political viewpoint they have been of first importance.

Across the sands the Turks came in their

OUT THERE

effort to dislodge Britain from the Canal. Back, back they have been driven until Jerusalem once more rests in Christian hands. In the Lybian Desert the Senussi have risen only to be driven to the oasis in the heart of the great wastes, there to be defeated and disbanded.

These operations have been of great importance. Mr. Lloyd George has said, "They have played a considerable part in the fortunes of the war. It is such ancient history now that we have almost forgotten that, after the evacuation of Gallipoli, Egypt was supposed to be in danger, and the Turks launched at least two desperate efforts to dislodge us from the Sinai Peninsula and the Canal. Those attacks were repelled and the British Army, after rendering the position in Egypt secure, was able to carry out the long-meditated advance, clear Sinai and the Canal, and move forward to Jerusalem. The Egyptian Campaign has not been without its episodes of hard fighting and personal heroism, but it is as a triumph of scientific organization that I would especially men-

THERE AIN'T NO COMMANDMENTS

tion it. In the operations that are going on in Palestine, every pound of stores, every gallon of water that is drunk by the troops, has to be carried all the way from Egypt across one hundred and fifty miles of desert. This is a feat that rivals what has been accomplished so successfully in France."

Into Egypt at the beginning of the war were sent the care-free, happy-go-lucky lads from far-distant Australia and New Zealand. They are much like a group of school boys off on a lark. In those days little did they realize the awful Gallipoli days that were ahead of them.

Certainly no finer type of physical beings ever answered one country's call. They looked like Roman gods and walked like kings. They owned no master and came only through love and loyalty to their country's call.

Most of their officers were like their men, happy, care-free, honest and straightforward. They feared neither man nor devil. The following story is rather descriptive of these remarkable almost supermen:

OUT THERE

Into Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo there strolled an Australian Colonel who had been sent over on some special work. He had been a business man back in Australia, and had been commissioned and sent out just a short time before. As he walked into the lobby of the hotel, he observed an old British General. Meaning no offense whatever, the Colonel waved his hand in a careless way and said, "Good evening."

The old General, horrified at such disrespect, straightened up and stared at the Colonel.

The Colonel strolled over, never realizing what was the matter.

"Is something wrong?"

"Young man, how long have you worn that uniform?"

"Oh, just a few weeks. How long have you worn yours?"

The old General, almost jumping from his chair, replied:

"Thirty-five years."

"That's a devil of a while to wear a uniform, isn't it?"

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The old General by this time was growing almost frantic.

"Young man, have you read the King's regulations?"

"No, I have not had time."

"This is dreadful, this is dreadful!"

"Old man, I don't know what you are trying to say to me, but all I got to say is you're damn funny." And off he strolled.

Did he mean to be disrespectful? No. He was only a typical Australian that would fight to the death, but could not see any need of too much formal discipline.

Before Gallipoli such conduct was misunderstood, but after they were purged by fire and death, and after the word had come forth from Gallipoli from the Brigadier "that no fighter can surpass Australians," no one misunderstood them. It was quite sufficient to say, "He is an Australian." That summed up all.

Into camp they went under the shadow of the pyramids, with the "centuries looking down upon them."

After the work of the day, these great

OUT THERE

husky farmer lads have no place to go outside of their own crowded little bell tents. As evening comes, those on leave go down through the beautiful rows of trees under the spell of an oriental evening into romantic and mystical Cairo. If one had watched them he would have made up his mind they feared the war was about over, and they would need to hurry if they expected to purchase Cairo before they left for home. They left a silver path behind them, and undoubtedly every Egyptian made up his mind that their pockets had a silver lining. The ordinary British soldier got one bob a day, or twenty-five cents; the Australians and New Zealanders, six bob, or a dollar fifty a day. On account of their free, easy, spending way, they were nicknamed "The Six Bob a Day Tourists."

Cairo, in those days, was all that has been written about it, and then some. The Waza was possibly the vilest and most seductive red-light district the licentious East has produced. Here was concentrated the vice of the Orient. It had also become the dumping

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ground of all Europe. These Australian lads found themselves in this environment with plenty of money, with all the allurement of sin on every side, and not one single hotel or restaurant in Cairo where he could get a cup of tea, or write a letter, without being subjected to demoralizing influences, such as exist in all oriental cities. Large camps were established on the outskirts of the cities Mena, Zeiton, Heliopolis and Maadi. The troops came to town nightly by the thousands, and quite naturally, as no other provision had been made, they swarmed to the quarter which offered most diversion.

William Jessop, Head Secretary of Y. M. C. A. Forces in Egypt, moved forward as only a prophet and a general could move forward. When the forces began to land in Egypt, he was the one lone Y. M. C. A. secretary. He went to his board and asked for funds to begin work among the soldiers. His board, with what they considered a great faith, voted that he could spend one hundred dollars in looking after these thousands of men, providing he secured the money.

OUT THERE

But the undaunted Jessop moved forward, and today the red triangle floats in every single military camp in Egypt. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are being spent. Tens of thousands of men are being served. I have gone from one end to the other of the great Desert Camps. In every single camp visited I saw the "Red Triangle" flying. There are nearly a hundred Y. M. C. A. centers with the Egyptian army, and today Cairo is as clean a city as any in the war zone.

However, that first year of the war in Cairo, many men went down not with bullets, but with the mark of the beast upon them.

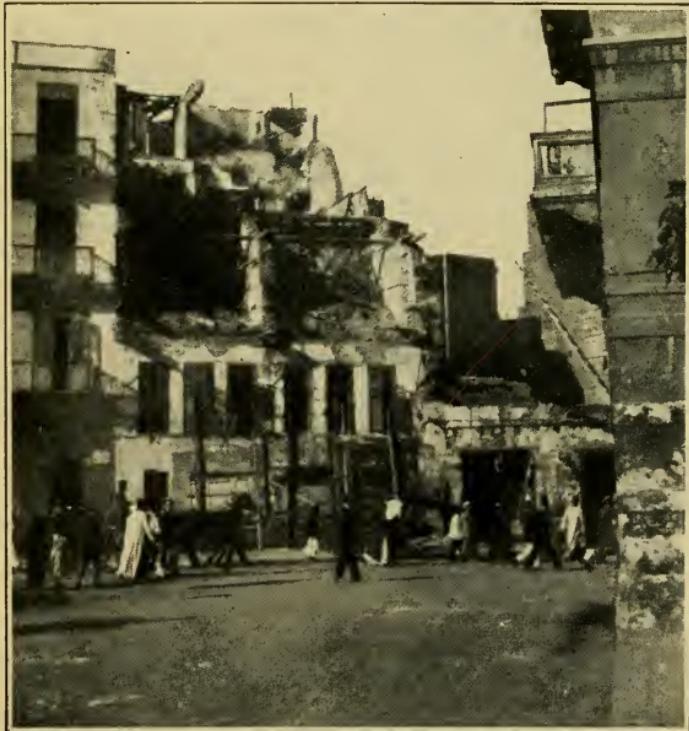
The saddest thing I have seen in the war zone is not the men coming back from No Man's Land, torn and mangled. No one ever forgets that, as he goes into certain hospitals surrounded by barb-wire fences, every man in the hospital is there because of his own sin.

I have spoken with them on some Christian theme, and afterwards they have come up and said:

"Oh! yes, what you say is true. We are



At the Outpost of the Empire



After the Waza War

THERE AIN'T NO COMMANDMENTS

going to play the game square from now on, but what is the use? We cannot go home. I cannot go back and look my sweetheart in the face. She can never be my wife. I can never go back to my wife or face my mother with this thing on me. I have said to the Commander, 'Patch me up, get me to the front line trench; I cannot go home.' "

How could you ever forget those words!

The question of a man's keeping clean is not a question of a man's relation to his God alone. The matter of keeping clean includes the question of a man's relation to his country. Your country needs you to go forward. The time has come to go. Never has our nation faced such a struggle as it is facing today. Never was every single man needed as he is needed at the present, and you cannot go.

You are unfit for service, a traitor to your country.

It is rather remarkable, when one considers the large number of men in the armies of today, how small a per cent are out of action because of sin. The Waza war has been

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unheard of in America. However, it is one of the finest examples of an army's determination to rid itself of a subtle enemy, lurking near its own camp.

One night the Australians turned out three thousand strong to burn and destroy "The Waza"—the red-light district of Cairo—and had not their own troops been called upon to quell the riot the Waza would have become history that night.

I have come to the conviction that army commanders are more concerned with the morals of their men than any of us can possibly realize. A man who goes down with a bullet is out of the game—is neither an asset nor a liability.

But the man who goes down with the mark of the beast upon him becomes a liability. He is out of the game, for he cannot go to the front. Some of them have to be sent home, and not only does he become a liability, but he requires well men to take care of him.

The development of the Y. M. C. A. work in Egypt is one of the modern miracles. It is a tribute to the fine Christian military

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commanders. The Association was called upon to help solve the problem. The military authorities turned over to it the Ezbekiyeh Gardens, a beautiful public park in the heart of Cairo. The grounds are large enough to accommodate thousands of men.

The motto from the start was: "Something doing every night."

Concerts, lectures, cinema, wrestling, boxing, fencing, rink hockey, races, writing and reading facilities, hot and cold shower baths, and a well-equipped refreshment bar were provided, in fact everything that a well-organized club could have. The refreshment bar was run by a group of devoted English women who brought into the Garden the home touch. It was not an uncommon sight to see thousands of soldiers seated at once writing home letters, and four to five thousand at a cinema show, wrestling match, or a religious meeting.

In addition to the Ezbekiyeh Garden, the Military turned over a large building, known as the "Bourse Khediviale" (Board of Trade). It was renamed the Anzac Hostel.

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It was to be used as a hostel or hotel. The Military gave twelve thousand dollars to equip it. Hundreds of men found a place to go and spend the night, when on leave, under clean, wholesome influences.

No longer can the soldiers who are sent to Egypt say, "Ship me somewhere East of Suez, where the best is like the worst; where there ain't no Ten Commandments, and a man can raise a thirst," for today near the reputed site of the Garden of Eden fifty secretaries are at work safeguarding the soldiers against the seductions of evil; and here the "Tree of Life" bears its fruit for the healing of the nations.

On plains where Abraham may have pitched his tent and Lot turned toward Sodom, the Association has pitched scores of its marquees, each gathering two hundred to five hundred soldiers in friendly shelter.

Over the way where the traders' caravan traversed the desert, bringing Joseph into slavery, the Association's caravan with a hundred camels passes with supplies for the Association's farthest desert outposts.

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In the city where Joseph got his wife are seven Association centers. At Assut, where Joseph stored corn to feed the famine, the Association meets dearth with creature comforts.

On the same burning sands over which the children of Israel made their wilderness wanderings, soldiers are doing forced marches. Sweet as manna are the buns and cakes and cheer and comfort with the Bread of Life that is given there.

Under the shadow of Mount Sinai, where Moses received the tables of Ten Commandments, and the Voice proclaimed "The Lord God merciful and gracious," thousands of soldiers wrote home from the Association's tents that there God's sons are as living epistles, interpreting His new commandment, "That Ye Love One Another."

Near where Moses struck the rock and waters gushed forth is another Association "Center" which provides refreshments for the King's men, parched and wearied from blistering marches.

Along the route into Egypt taken by Jo-

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seph and Mary with the child Jesus, the Association sets up its hospitable tents to harbor and hearten the away-from-home soldier.

At Alexandria, on the Mediterranean at the gateway from Egypt to Africa, at the Port of Suez, where Mark, the Apostle, first preached the Gospel to a handful, the Association greeted or sped on their homeward way a full hundred thousand soldiers, in the spirit of that same Gospel.

CHAPTER XVII

“I JUST WANT TO DO MY BIT”

I have come back from “out there” with the realization that we must win the war, and that it cannot be won by buying Liberty Bonds, giving to the Red Cross or Y. M. C. A., by bursts of enthusiasm, or by waving of flags and speechmaking alone.

The war must be won by the lads that go over the top and don’t come back.

This fact we must face.

Britain has been pouring in an endless stream of human life. In fact her smallest number of casualties in one month since 1914 has been thirty thousand, while this last November they reached one hundred and twenty-nine thousand.

France has been giving, giving, giving, until she is now bleeding white. In fact all of our Allies have been pouring in their best to stem the tide of the barbaric Teutonic onslaught.

America has entered at a time when our

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very soul was on trial. Three years we have been a bystander at the ringside of the world's battle for democracy. We had become hardened to the reports of awful slaughter and month-long battles. No longer will a story in the morning papers of a capture of a mile of trenches be a mere historical fact, not when it is our own kith and kin who are out in those trenches in the death grapple. Things have changed in one short year.

In 1916, when I returned from the war zone, I came back speaking of our country as possibly the most misunderstood country on the face of the earth. The Germans hated us. They were saying, "We could win the war if America would stay out and not supply the Allies with munitions."

In September, 1917, I found in the bottom of a German gas mask a copy of a German newspaper of February which best tells Germany's attitude toward America before our entry into the war.

Following is the translation:

Soldiers' Edition of the *Christian Messenger*, Sunday, February 25, 1917.

“I WANT TO DO MY BIT”

THINGS TEMPORAL

“Quite contrary to his expectation, Wilson, with his appeal to the neutral states, has suffered a diplomatic defeat. Not even the South American States, of whose following the President believed himself sure, have joined the policy of the United States, not to mention the European States who will take care not to allow themselves unawares to become entangled in a war with the Central Powers.

“For us the suspicion seems even more than justified that there exists between England and America another one of those secret treaties such as this war has already brought to light in several cases. If that were a fact, then Mr. Wilson’s attitude would be quite clear. Now we’ll see whether America will go so far as to allow its citizens to sail to England on armed passenger steamers, in order to have, in case of the torpedoing of such a vessel, a cause for declaring war on Germany.

“They tell of two American steamers that have sailed for the coast of France without

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using the stripes demanded by Germany for their protection. Yes, and this seems quite American, they say they made a wager as to which ship would arrive first. That is to say, America's attitude towards the question whether there will be war between Germany and America is that of a sportsman. One cannot understand such actions, though they may suit an Englishman or an American. For us, it seems too frivolous. If one of these vessels, or indeed both, are sent to the bottom and if incomparably precious American lives are risked, or if one or another of the travelers is lost, then America will make in the name of humanity and international law a *casus belli*. We cannot allow ourselves for a single moment to be led astray by these and similar manœuvres; we must go our way quietly but firmly. That our enemies are lamed with fear, we notice from the reports. Our submarines are sinking more boats than ever. The seamen are refusing to sail with their vessels, for their lives are not held so cheap by them as to risk them lightly.

“We have left to the Englishmen the vil-

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lage of Grandcourt on the West Front. They did not capture it, but we quietly withdrew, since our men were too much exposed there to enemy fire.”

POEM

“TO THE GERMAN KAISER”

Twice worthy of the Imperial Crown

Thee sorrow tried, we now do own,
Great Comrade, battle won.

Thou strong and frank, that war might cease
Didst offer to the enemy peace.

Thy reward is now their scorn.

But thee we follow, one and all,

Still further, to the steel sword's call,
In this, the Holy War.

Thou leadst us, Blessed of the Lord,
The people's star and valiant guard,
Where peace and victory are.

So much for the German attitude.

The Allies were saying, “Oh, yes, you are too proud to fight, but you are not too proud to take our dollars.” All of them knew that during those first two years of the war America's income increased many billions of dollars. “Too proud to fight, but not too proud to rake in our gold.” “We cannot understand how a nation that boasts of democracy

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and liberty, as yours boasts, can stand by and see your women and children sent to the bottom of the Atlantic." For, as our honored ex-President Taft has said, those women and children were as much entitled to the protection of the American flag as the women and children in any village or city of America.

In fact, Americans were speculating and talking about when the war would end as if it were some great athletic game. Little did we realize what a gigantic struggle was in progress. There seemed to be a general feeling everywhere that the war would soon be over. I have recalled a great many times the words of our American Ambassador, Mr. Sharpe, who, talking with me just before I left Paris for America in 1916, said:

"People in America do not realize conditions when they talk about the conclusion of the war. I can conceive of the war going on at least another three years. Both sides are so evenly matched and they have such unlimited numbers of men."

I think I can best explain the feeling of

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last year by an experience I had one night at an officers' mess, with the army that has so persistently and successfully knocked at the doors of Jerusalem.

After mess, one young Major was very particular that I should not get away until he knew that I was made aware of what they thought of America. He said:

“By the way, have you ever been at Salonika?”

“No, I have not been at Salonika.”

“Of course, that is not strange. Everybody is there but the Americans. However, we get a journalist coming through occasionally. I have just come over from Salonika. The other day, after one of our battles, one of your American journalists came in and looked around and said:

“‘Jimminy, but that was some fight!’

“One of our men looked at him and said:

“‘Yes, *some* fight, and some *don't*.’”

That was the spirit over there last year. Some nations fight for their rights and some nations do not.

On my return to Europe after Amer-

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ica's entry into the war I found an absolutely different feeling. I've stood in London and seen hundreds and thousands of their own men go off to the front without even the clapping of hands, but the day the American soldiers marched through her streets, staid old London fairly went wild with enthusiasm.

They actually tried to cut the buttons off our boys' coats as a souvenir of the day that America entered the fight for democracy.

Some change from last year.

The same men who were saying to me last year, "What is the matter with America?" are saying today, "Oh, your President was exactly right. He played it just right." I remember one particular friend who last year said, "I cannot understand your President"; a British officer, saying to me this year, "When the time comes for the Peace Conference, I hope that Woodrow Wilson sits at the head of the peace table." No longer are they saying, "America too proud to fight," but "America, too, proud to fight!"

France is bleeding, but determined, and

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her sister Republic enters into the great struggle. Words cannot express the terrific spirit of enthusiasm that went sweeping over that whole French Army when America came in. There is one message that I wish I might bring home to the camps in this country before I again turn my face towards that war zone. It is this:

“As you go overseas, go not with the spirit that we have come to finish the war; that they had to call us in to end it. Let us go forward in the spirit of humility. For three long years they have been fighting our battles, and God grant that we may go forward in true humility of spirit, as we go forward to take up our share of the burden.”

No, this is no longer France’s war alone. This is no longer Britain’s war alone. This is no longer Italy’s war alone, nor the Allies’ war alone.

It is our war as much as it is their war, and we are determined that we likewise shall walk in the path of sacrifice, suffering and death that leads to victory.

Now the one thing I object to these days

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is the talk that this is a war of atrocities. Of course, atrocities have been committed out there that would turn your hair white if you knew them. But the marvelous French soldiers and the British soldiers are fighting not because of atrocities. They are fighting not alone because Belgium has been overrun. They are fighting not alone because Servia has been swept by the awful broom of destruction and death.

We are all fighting because Germany has tried to Prussianize the world. She has tried to blot out the most sacred words in the Anglo-Saxon and French languages, Democracy and Liberty and Justice, and we are determined that those words shall live forever.

One evening, with the head Australian Y. M. C. A. Secretary, Mr. Clark, I left Cairo by fast express. The next morning we got off at a little desert station, from which point a tiny narrow-gauge railroad went out into the desert. We had a private car to ourselves, but the trouble was that it had brought sick camels in from the outlying desert camp.

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We traveled all day, the wonderful mirages arising before our eyes, and the awful, awful heat of the desert around us. We passed through absolutely forsaken barren places, and late in the afternoon got off the train and proceeded by camel-back to the outposts of the Empire.

At the very edge of the Empire I found a Y. M. C. A. secretary who was truly rendering one of the most unique pieces of service I have ever seen. The men at the outpost were living under a temperature of one hundred and twenty to one hundred and thirty degrees in the shade, and the nearest shade was one hundred and fifty miles away on the Nile.

MacDiamond, the secretary, had forgotten all save his desire to help these men. His canteen, which was a low mud shanty, was always packed and no man entered its door without the feeling that here was a man who cared for him. Night after night he was disposing of gallons of hot cocoa, for those who have lived in the tropics appreciate the value of a hot drink.

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I could not keep from wondering if any of these men would come to a religious meeting when the heat seemed to "fairly make your eyebrows crawl."

To my surprise, as the evening came on, the men commenced to gather in. I stood upon a box, and two thousand men, practically every man in the camp who was off duty, gathered at the sound of my voice, and I talked about sacrifice. I should have been ashamed to have mentioned the word, save as I told the story of the great sacrifice of a Man who gave his life for men. They knew more about sacrifice than I had ever dreamed of knowing.

And that night, after I had talked of sacrifice for an hour, I stopped speaking and dismissed them. We all felt the presence of God that night in the desert. It is only in the desert that the silence hurts, the awful silence of the desert, the gripping power of that terrific silence. And to my surprise, for more than twenty-five minutes less than twenty men got up to go to their bunks—not to their tents. No, there were their

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rifles, with the bayonets fixed into the sand to keep the sand out of the mechanism, always ready for the attack of the Senussi. And there they sat on the sand for almost thirty minutes. No man moved.

Oh, if I could have painted a picture that night that would have told their thoughts! The rolling wheat fields of Australia would have been on that canvas, for the Australians were there; and the Highlands of Scotland, for the Scots were there; and the rolling hills of Wales, for the Welsh were there. Old London would have been on that canvas, because Tommy proper—and Tommy improper—was there.

Finally they broke up, and off to their bunks they went. Long after midnight, as I lay stretched on the sand, thinking of those thousands of miles across the sea, there came tiptoeing across the sand to where I was lying a young Australian. He looked down and said:

“Mister, are you asleep?”

“No, I am not asleep.” And you would not have been asleep either if that were your

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second night in a desert camp, and you did not know at what minute the Senussi might—just by chance, you know—make an attack. It might only be by chance, but you might have laid awake to think it over. That is what I was doing.

“Are you asleep?”

“No, I am not asleep.”

“I want to talk with you. You know, Mister, tonight why we did not leave you?”

“No.”

“There are a lot of men in this camp that have not been true to the home folks, and they are swearing to God tonight they are going to be true and play this game square; but that is not what I want to talk to you about. Mister, do you know I’ve got to go home and I don’t want to go. I want to stay out here.”

“Well, now, that’s too bad, but what’s the trouble?”

“Well, the Major,” referring to the surgeon, “says I have got to go home. He says one of my lungs is on the blink; he knows my brother has been killed over there

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in France; he knows my mother is a widow out there in Australia, and I am the only one left in the family, and he says I have got to go home and he is going to give me an honorable discharge; and, Mister, I cannot go.”

“That is too bad; how long have you been out here?”

“Three months.”

“That is not long to be away from home.”

“But hold on, Mister.” Drawing back his little shoulders, he looked me in the eye and spoke the most eloquent words in the Australian vocabulary: “I am an Anzac. I am an Anzac.”

At Gallipoli, at the Dardanelles when the orders came to land, the Australians and the New Zealanders went forward. They fell into the waters, with their heads bobbing up and down like apples in a tub. They got their feet on the shores, on the sands of Gallipoli.

They were told to take two trenches. They went forward under machine gun fire and shrapnel and took the first line trench. They

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took the second line trench, and then, forgetting all orders, for they did not care, on they went, and took the third line trench under the shells from their own guns.

And they held it. Because of their marvelous bravery at Gallipoli that day they named the landing place Anzac. Every man that was there from that time on was an Anzac, the Australian-New Zealand Army Corps, Anzac.

“Yes, I am an Anzac.” I knew the whole story. He had seen more hell of war than any of us have ever dreamed of seeing. He had gone over those shell-swept shores at the Dardanelles. And there I stood with him, an old seasoned warrior of the Dardanelles, long after midnight, on the very farthest outpost of the British Empire.

When he looked at me, he was crying like a little child.

“Mister I don’t want to go home. I don’t want to go home; I want to stay here!”

And I put my hand over on his shoulder.

“My lad, you know you lied to get in. Tell me the truth. How old are you?”

“I WANT TO DO MY BIT”

“Seventeen years old.”

A lad. Yes, a mere boy, but he had caught the real spirit of sacrificial service.

Two long years had he stuck it out. He had answered his country's call at fifteen years of age. Now an old veteran of two campaigns he is unwilling to lay down his arms, even though he is unfit for service.

“I don't want to go home, I just want to do my bit.”

The time has come when before God every single man that boasts of being an American, squarely, honestly, before God, says to Him:

“I want to do my bit. I want to do my bit for my home, for my country, for myself, and for my God.”

Let us not forget those who have laid down their lives that we may have life and liberty. But in their sacrifice let us catch a vision of the great eternal truths of life and go forward to finish the work which they have begun.

(1)

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